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MORE TRASH FROM MAD

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MAD

"Mothers-In-Law are like seeds—you don't need them, but they come with the tomato!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director*

LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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LOOKING FOR SHELF-RESPECT?



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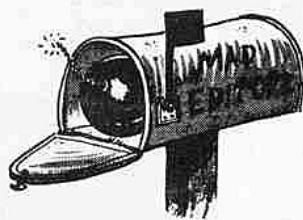
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LETTERS DEPT.



ABOUT THE FOLLOWING LETTERS

Every once in a while, we at MAD are amazed. Like when the reader-response to a story is both eagerly "pro"—and at the same time violently "con." We can only conclude that those critics of the article, as is obvious in the letters below, either failed to see our point, or completely mis-read us. Editor

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—REVISITED"

PRO

"The Ten Commandments Revisited" was a masterpiece. Max Brandel and the MAD staff should be congratulated for boldly preparing and publishing this daring expose of how badly our society has been keeping God's sacred laws.

George Montemorano
Hicksville, L.I.

"The Ten Commandments Revisited" scorchingly criticized the sins and follies of today's society. You have guts, and I appreciate it.

Annette Grubb
Newville, Pa.

You not only showed great wit, but also great wisdom with "The Ten Commandments—Revisited." I wish to commend you.

John C. Wilkerson
Nashville, Tenn.

It took a lot of nerve to print, but it again showed your deep insight into American society. This article was a real masterpiece that should make every American take another look at himself.

Tom Getzen
Carthage College
Kenosha, Wis.

In the six years that I have been reading MAD, I have never had a better opportunity to thank you for so great an article as this one.

Theodore L. Sherlock
Belle Chasse, La.

"The Ten Commandments—Revisited" was excellent. May I have permission to copy it?

Rev. Douglas Beyer
First Baptist Church
Atchison, Kans.

For once, MAD has published more truth than humor, and that is a most refreshing change.

C. J. Buchanan
Hickam A.F.B.
Hawaii

For "Thou Shalt Not Kill," you should have had a picture of the article itself, because I nearly died laughing.

Eliot Khuner
Berkeley, Cal.

CON

Until now, I was sure that MAD was an excellent magazine. However, I cannot excuse you for the ridicule of that which is holy to many millions of people. It is obvious that someone's sense of humor is not a sense of humor at all, but a sense of foolish defacement and destruction.

Michael Meehan
Weehawken, N.J.

Your article on The Ten Commandments was perfectly irritating. Making fun of the Law that God, the Lord Almighty has administered Himself! This is committing blasphemy, an unforgivable sin!

Marc Smircich
Sepulveda, Calif.

I cannot help but take offense at your article, "The Ten Commandments—Revisited." I am disgusted at your gall in printing it. How dare you insult what happens to be the greatest set of laws the world has ever known! Keep on printing such rubbish, and you'll lose all of your readers and your magazine will be censored—mark my words!

Anne Serafin
Grass Lake, Mich.

The Ten Commandments are God's word. They should not be slandered.

Tim Corcoran
Glendora, Calif.

After reading your revolting article, "The Ten Commandments—Revisited," I was thoroughly disgusted and shocked. In the past, MAD was almost funny, but with this article, it became obnoxious.

Norman Watson
Lower Lake, Calif.

After having read "The Ten Commandments—Revisited," I, as a Catholic, am insulted.

Frank Jessa
Glen Rock, N.J.

After my family and I finished vomiting over it, I had the pleasure of ripping the magazine to pieces and throwing it in with the other trash.

Cathy Bennett
Hanover, Pa.

"WHAT IS A FINAL EXAM?"

"What Is A Final Exam" was priceless. A hearty laugh is hard to find around exam time, but thanks to your usual gang of idiots, you've made it a lot easier. You've probably made flunking those exams a lot easier, too. At least it's less painful for clods like me who read your trash instead of studying.

Jack McDonald '70
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

ALL THE WAY WITH JFK

Over the years, I have become a very avid MAD fan. I have spent many pleasant hours reading your humorous publication. As President Kennedy once said: "There are three things in this life which are real: God, Human Folly, and Laughter. The first two are beyond comprehension, so let us do what we can with the third." You certainly are doing what you can with it.

A. B. NeJame, Jr.
Johnson City, N. Y.

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD

MAD and its readers are the only sane and realistic people in the world as we know it today. It's the rest of the world that's "mad" . . . in fact, insane!

Charlie Geisler
Phoenix, Arizona

MAD CLODS

It takes a bunch of clods to produce trash . . . but it takes a bunch of clods with a little genius to produce "good" trash.

Thomas Ineson
San Diego, Cal.

BLANK-LISTED

I just read issue #112, and I simply HAD to make a list of the great articles:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- Oh, well . . .

Patrick Bushey
Alpena, Mich.

AN EXCEPTION

I think your magazine is hilarious. In all the issues I have ever read and collected, I have never seen one thing that wasn't funny.

David Hever
Lake Stevens, Wash.

How about this letter?—Ed.

SOIL CONVERSATION

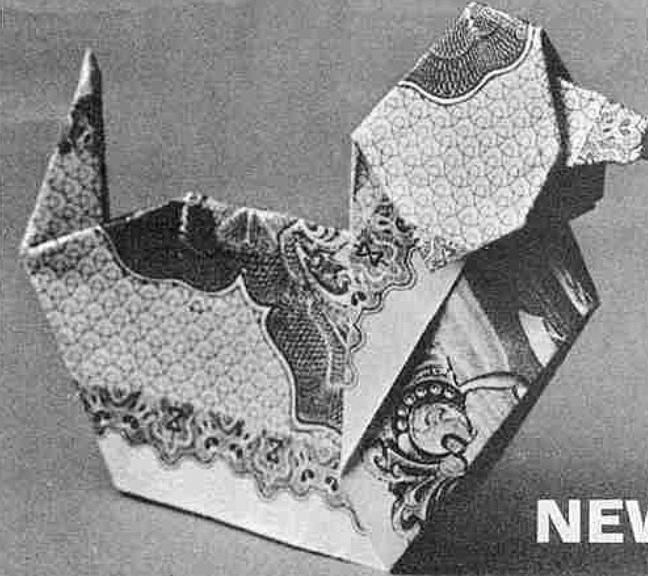
Does a farmer who plants automobile parts harvest a "bumper" crop?

Mike Mallory
No. Miami, Fla.

Only if he uses plenty of Fordilizer!—Ed.

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HAVE TO
HOUND
THE
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Photography by Irving Schild

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Yep, in our futile attempts to get you clods to order these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—which are suitable for framing or lining the bottom of hamster cages—we've reached a "Dead End"! So how about getting off yours . . . and mailing 25¢ for one (or 50¢ for 3, or \$1.00 for 9) to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022





HAIL TO THE CHIEF COPYWRITER DEPT.

Higher taxes? Special surtaxes? Increase the National Debt? It seems to us at MAD that there ought to be other ways for the Government to raise the money to finance our "Great Society" (not to mention unpopular wars!). For

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!



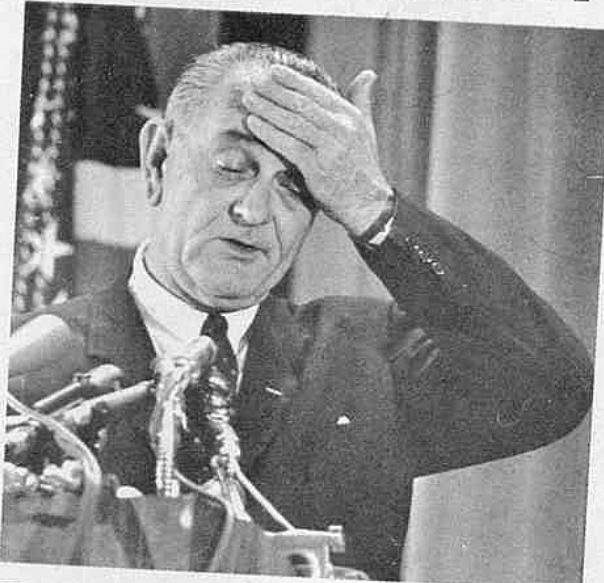
Take

Miltown
(meprobamate)



"Whenever I'm tense—with problems like Vietnam and Bobby Kennedy—I simply reach for my "Miltowns"! In a few minutes I'm perfectly relaxed! All my troubles are

**GOT A
HEADACHE?**



**Bayer works
wonders**



"And believe me, I got plenty headaches! This "Great Society" program I'm pushing can really

"MY GROUP HAD 38% FEWER CAVITIES!"



CREST TOOTHPASTE WITH FLUORISTAN

With

Crest

Crest

with fluoristan.

TOOTH PASTE / EXTRA LARGE SIZE

"When the 'Crest' folks asked me to take part in a toothpaste test, I agreed. My group brushed regularly with 'Crest', and Dean Rusk's group used another toothpaste without Fluoristan. After six months, both groups were examined."



example, why not turn to the place where fantastic sums of money are spent for advertising testimonials. Mainly, Madison Avenue! We're sure the boys at the Ad Agencies would pour plenty into the Government coffers to have

CONCEIVED BY:

MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY:
U.P.I. &
WORLD WIDE

ON MADISON AVENUE

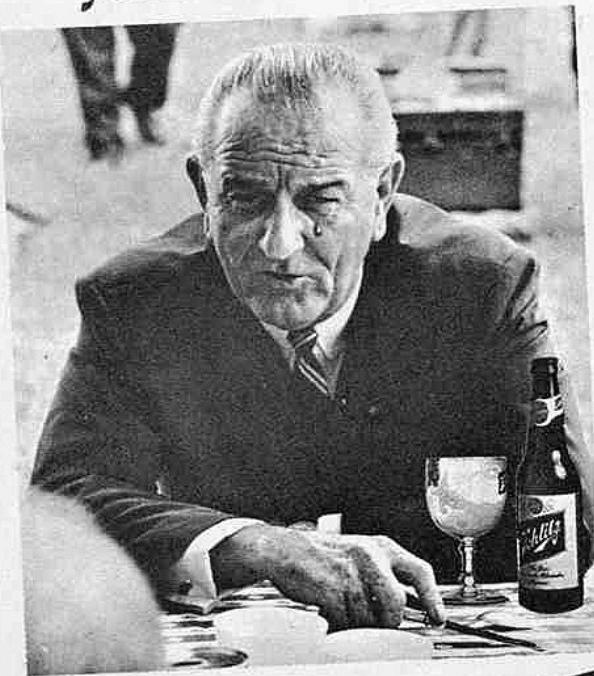
WHICH HAND HAS THE M&M'S?



M&M Candies melt in your mouth—not in your hand!

"When you like chocolate candies like I do, but you have a tendency to get a little hot under the collar once in a while, you want a chocolate candy that melts in your mouth—not in your hand the minute you grab

**"When you're out of Schlitz,
you're out of beer."**



**THE DODGE REBELLION
WANTS YOU!**



I know I'm not as pretty as that little blonde who used to be in these ads, but the folks over at Chrysler thought I could command a lot more authority. So they asked me to do the pointing and order you to join the Dodge Rebellion.

"Yep, when the gang gathers down at the Ranch and the Schlitz starts flowing, you can bet we run out fast. And when that happens, I always say, 'When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.' Then I call the party to a halt and



DODGE

No. 2 says he tries harder!



Than who?

When you've been a "No. 1" for as long as I have, you know a little bit about what it takes to stay "No. 1" . . . like experience, and know-how. That's why, when I need a car—which isn't often, since the Government supplies me with all I need—I rent a car from the "No. 1" Rent-A-Car Company—Hertz! Now Hubert . . . he uses Avis, which just goes to show you how much a "No. 2" knows about things. I

Hertz
RENT-A-CAR



Is this
the day
you finally
do something
about your
weight?

I'll never forget the shock of looking down one day, while delivering a State Of The Union Message to Congress, and noticing that paunch I'd developed. I knew right there and then that I would have to do something about it. And the best way I knew was to go on a Metrecal diet. Unfortunately, I never bothered—what with State Dinners and such. But if you have a weight problem, that's my advice. Don't do as I do—do as I say.

Take
METRECAL

As Long As You're Up, Get Me A Grants!



GRANTS
SCOTCH WHISKEY

"Yes, sir—whenever I'm down—and your President is down pretty often these days—the best "pick-me-up" I know is a double shot

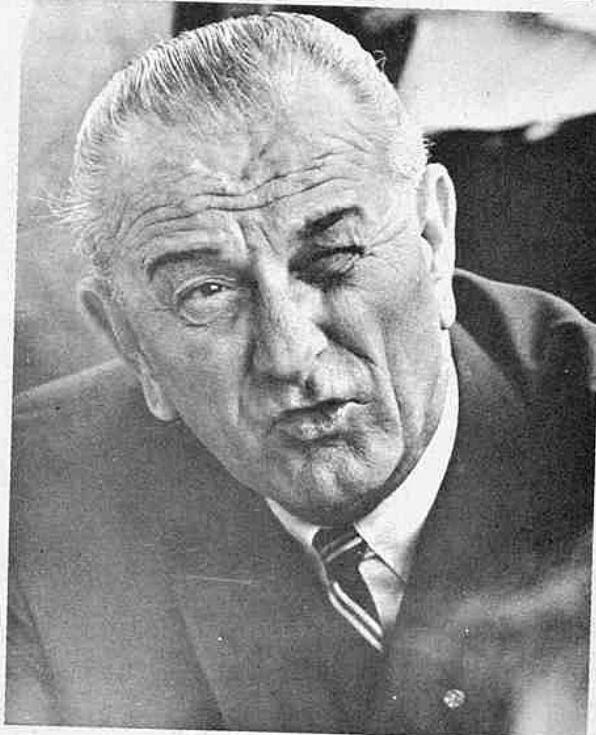
ITCHY SCALP? TIME FOR Head & Shoulders



It Works! This Dandruff Shampoo Doesn't Kid Around!

"Take my word for it. You won't see me scratching my head any more, except maybe at a meeting of the Presidential Advisory Committee, because I discovered "Head & Shoulders". It's the

TOILET TISSUE TOO ROUGH?



**There's A Definite
Difference In Delsey!**



"You can rest assured that the folks who spend the night at the White House are never troubled by rough toilet tissues. That's because all 28 baths are stocked with "Delsey"—the tissue with a definite difference. So be my guest! Go out and

BUY A "BRAND NAME"

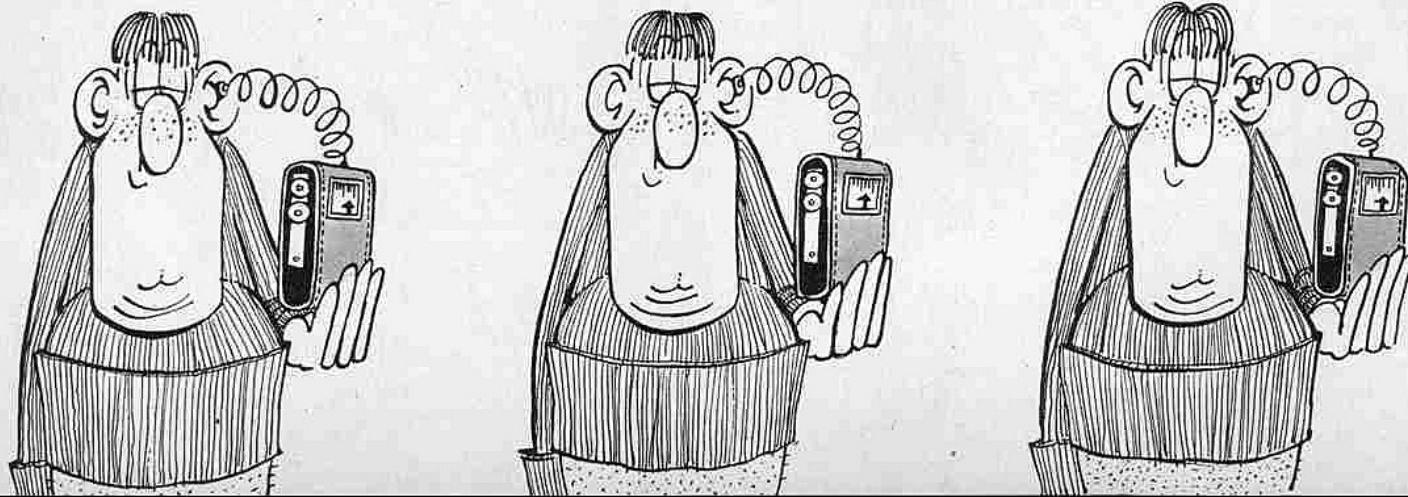
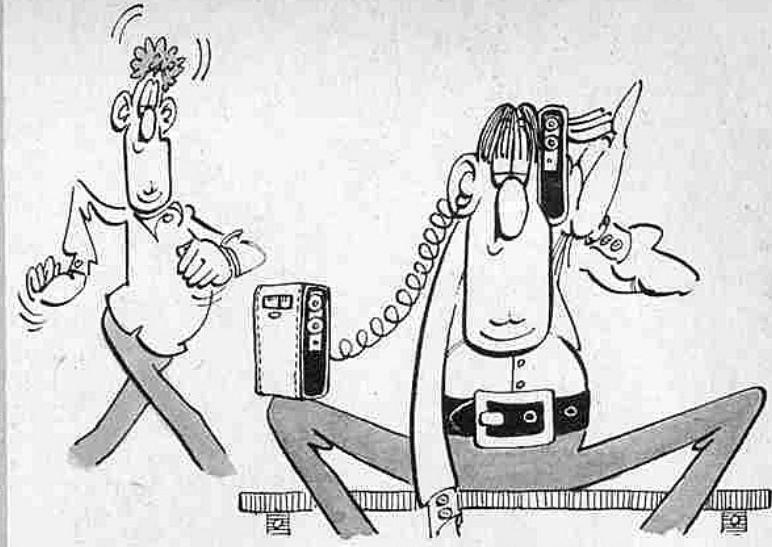


...OR I'LL TAN YOUR HIDE!



Don Martin

Turns On Portable Radios

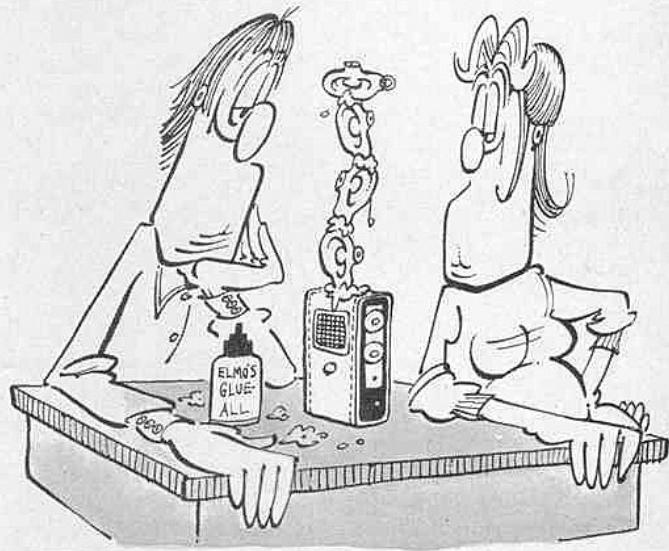


Hey! How come you listen to two radios that way?



Hello, dear! Where are the children?

I dunno! Upstairs, probably—with their ears glued to that stupid portable radio!



Guess I'll watch television!

I'm tired of listening to the radio!





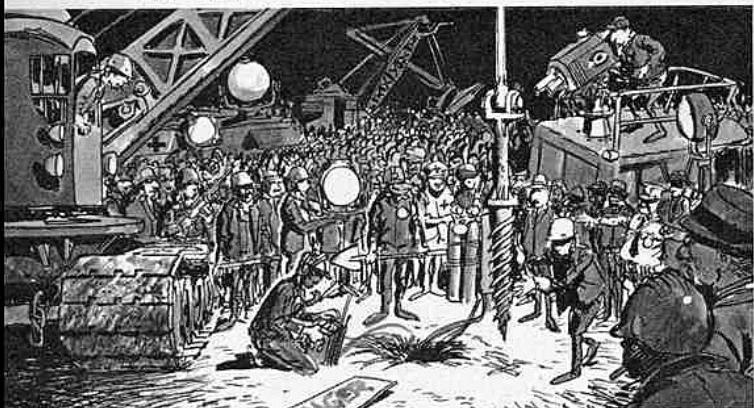
DOUBLE-STANDARD BEARERS DEPT.

If you're an intelligent person, you probably feel that no one can put anything over on you. So how come you're stupid enough

SO HOW

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

IF...



... a bum accidentally stumbles into a well, the nation mobilizes all its resources to free him, everyone becomes concerned, and hourly bulletins are issued thru the night.

SO HOW COME...



... if the same bum stumbles up to you and pleads for a little thing like a dime for a cup of coffee, you wouldn't even give the right time to the dirty, disgusting old man.

IF...



... some poor schnoob steals a 25c loaf of bread to feed his starving family, he's referred to as a "Common Thief."

SO HOW COME...



... if the same guy takes off for Brazil with a million bucks, he wins our admiration as a "Big Time Swindler."

IF...



... an average couple leaves the kids at home to stay up till all hours at a bar, they're called "Irresponsible."

SO HOW COME...



... if the same couple is rich and frequents expensive bistros, they're deemed part of "The Cafe Society Set."

to buy MAD? Make sense? Sure it does! And there are lots more examples of this kind of logic all around us. That's why we ask:



COME...?

WRITER: STAN HART

IF...



... a kid neglects his scholastic work and can think of nothing else besides playing baseball, his father will get furious with him and call him a "No-good Lazy Bum?"

SO HOW COME...



... if the same kid grows up and becomes a professional baseball player and does nothing but lay around for six months out of the year, everybody will call him a "Hero."

IF...



... a teenage girl is asked out on a date, she'll spend hours before a mirror, desperately trying to look "sexy."

SO HOW COME...



... if her date responds to this stimulus and tries to do something about it, she'll become mortally offended.

IF...



... this country needs to gather important information inside other countries, we employ "Intelligence Agents."

SO HOW COME...



... when a foreign power is caught doing the same thing here in this country, we yell that they're using "Spies."

IF...



... a poor man gambles, people feel he's irresponsible and has no right to throw away his family's food money.

IF...



... a young gal is living at home and her folks ask her to help serve and clear off the dinner dishes, watch out!

IF...



... a parent discovers a child settling an argument with a sibling by using his hands, the parent gets very upset.

IF...



... some juvenile delinquent steals from a store, we all feel that we should try to understand him, and chalk it up to deprivation, or a broken home, or bad environment.

SO HOW COME...



... if the same man wins the Irish Sweepstakes, everyone suddenly loves a "winner"—and he's a National Celebrity.

SO HOW COME...



... if the same gal got a job as an Airline Stewardess, she'd happily do tasks that a galley slave would object to.

SO HOW COME...



... the same parent teaches him a lesson by beating him up while saying: "Don't (whack) hit (whack) your Sister!"

SO HOW COME...



... if the very same juvenile delinquent steals from you, understanding goes out the window and the only thing you feel is that he should be shot or hanged—after torture.



There's something we've noticed about the star of "Hud" and "The Hustler" and "Harper"! He has one facial expression for every emotion he is called upon to portray! And that goes for his work in this latest Western he appears in... a MAD version we present to you now. Yesiree, Pall Neuman is...

SOMBRE

Ugh! They say it can't be done, but we do it! We lead horses to water... and we make them drink! But me puzzled! What this scene got to do with rest of picture?

Not a thing! It was just a gimmick to get some close-ups so the audience could see my Indian make-up contrasted with my limpid blue eyes!

Ugh! A blue-eyed Indian! Big deal! So he gets lots of squaws to drool over him! So what! Broads always go for freaky types!

Hey, Sombre! Mr. Hendez wants to see you in town!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Bad news, Sombre! Your Step-Paw, ol' man Hussel, died and left you everything... his gold watch, his false teeth, his autographed picture of Gabby Hayes, and his boarding house! Well... aren't you going to say anything?

I twitched a jaw muscle! One twitch means I'm happy... two means I ain't!

Now that you're a slumlord, you have to forget the ways of the Indian! Buy some clothes and get a haircut—that hairstyle won't be "in" till about 1967—and start acting like a White Man!

How's this for starters, Hendez?

You sure learn fast!



Com'on Honey! All you wanna do is stay in bed all day! Why don't you get up so's we can have some FUN!

Sorry to disturb you constantly arguing kids, but I gotta clean up the place for the new owner. With all this quarreling, why'd you two get married, anyway?

Same reason everybody else does! I wanted someone to talk to—to go hunting with—to fetch my slippers!

You shoulda gotten a dog instead of a woman!

Gee—I never thought of that!

I'm John Hussel—the new owner of this here place!

I'm Emmy Hussie—housekeeper, laundress, cook, gardener and carpenter. That takes care of the mornings! Afternoons, I'm plumber, bookkeeper and maid. Nights, I do what I like!



Do you come with the property?

Is that some kind of a proposition?

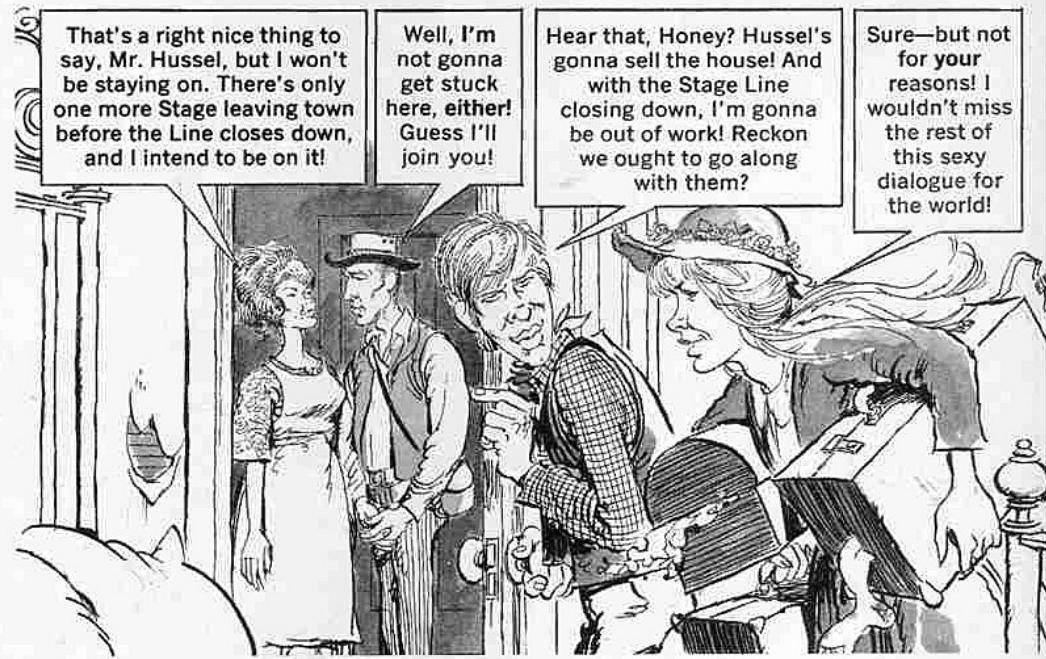
No, Lady! I'm selling the place and I figured if I threw you in with the deal, I'd get a few more bucks for the dump!

That's a right nice thing to say, Mr. Hussel, but I won't be staying on. There's only one more Stage leaving town before the Line closes down, and I intend to be on it!

Well, I'm not gonna get stuck here, either! Guess I'll join you!

Hear that, Honey? Hussel's gonna sell the house! And with the Stage Line closing down, I'm gonna be out of work! Reckon we ought to go along with them?

Sure—but not for your reasons! I wouldn't miss the rest of this sexy dialogue for the world!



Pardon me, but I'd like a ticket on the last stage!

Are you "AWOL" or do you have a Dishonorable Discharge?

Neither! I got an Honorable Discharge and I'm goin' back home to marry my sweetheart!

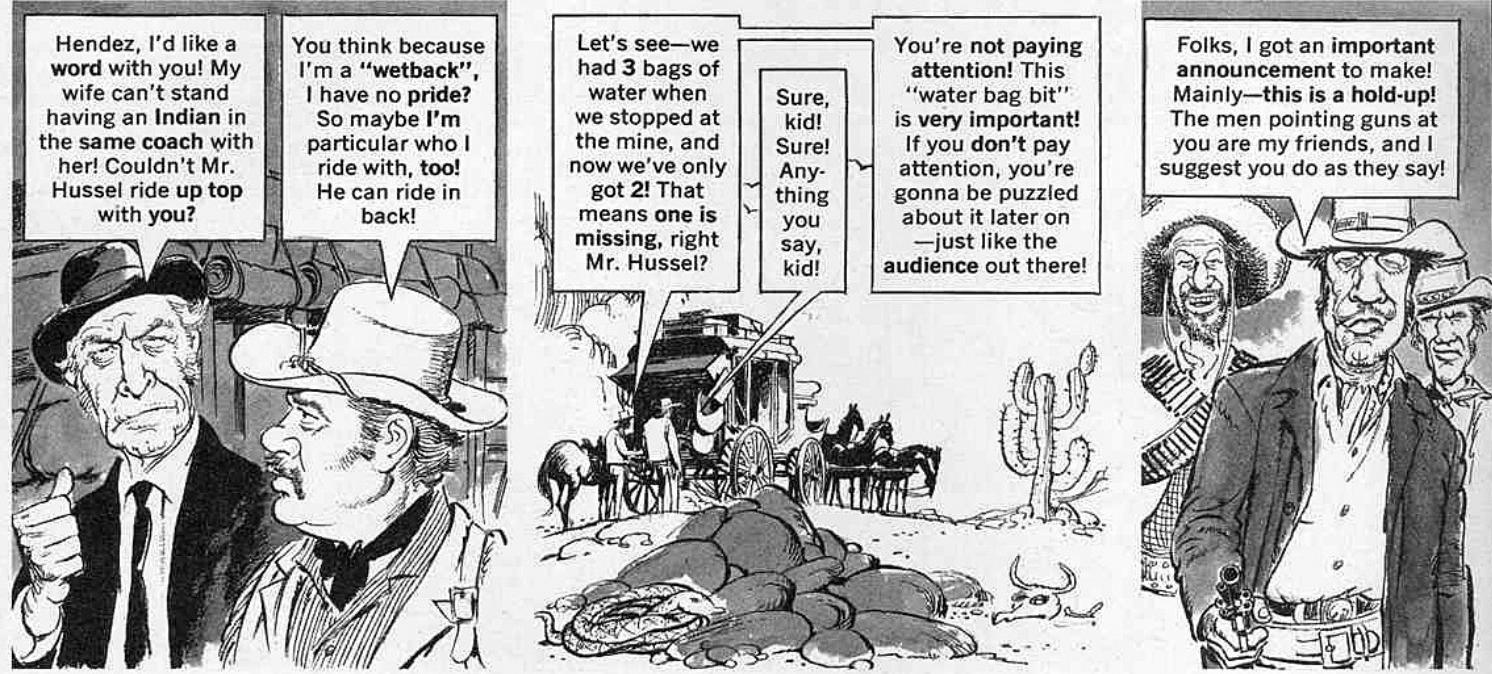
Sorry, Mister, but we don't want your kind on our Stage! We're just carryin' "misfits" on this last run!

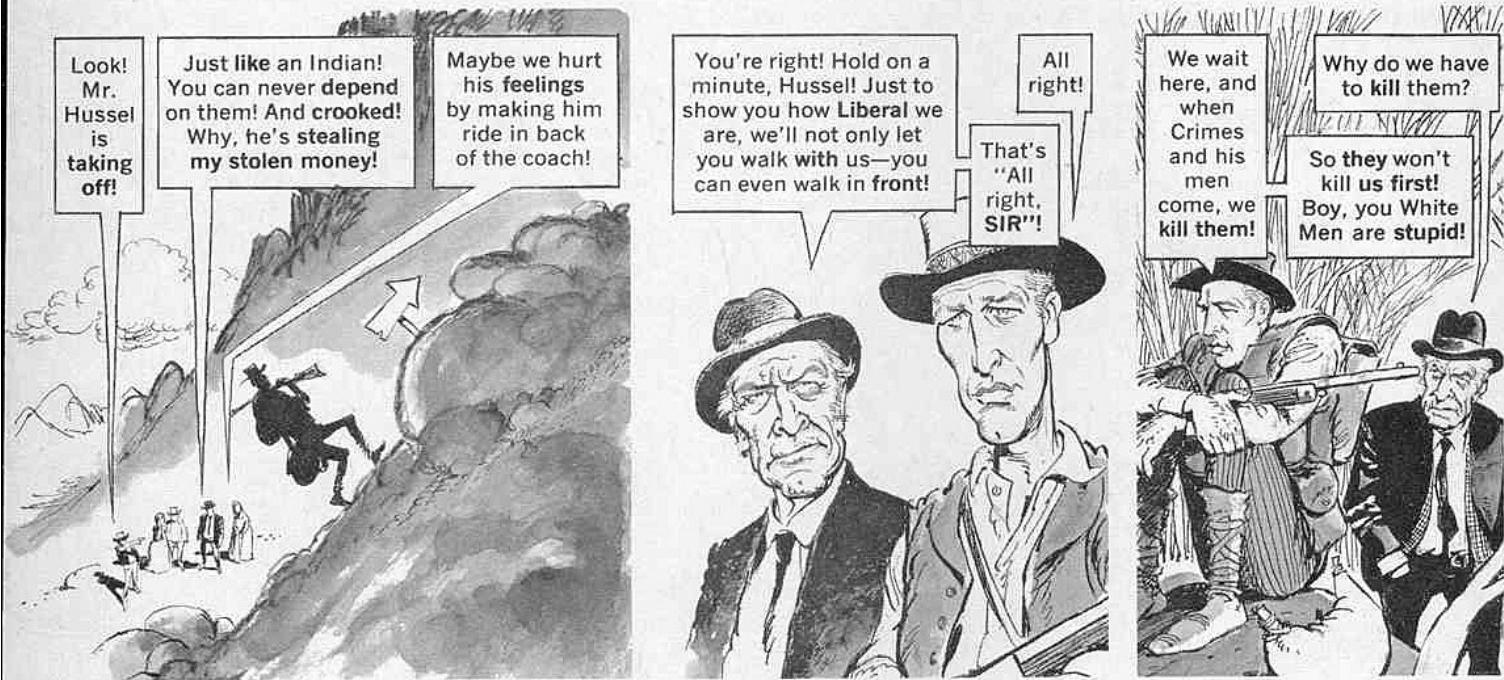
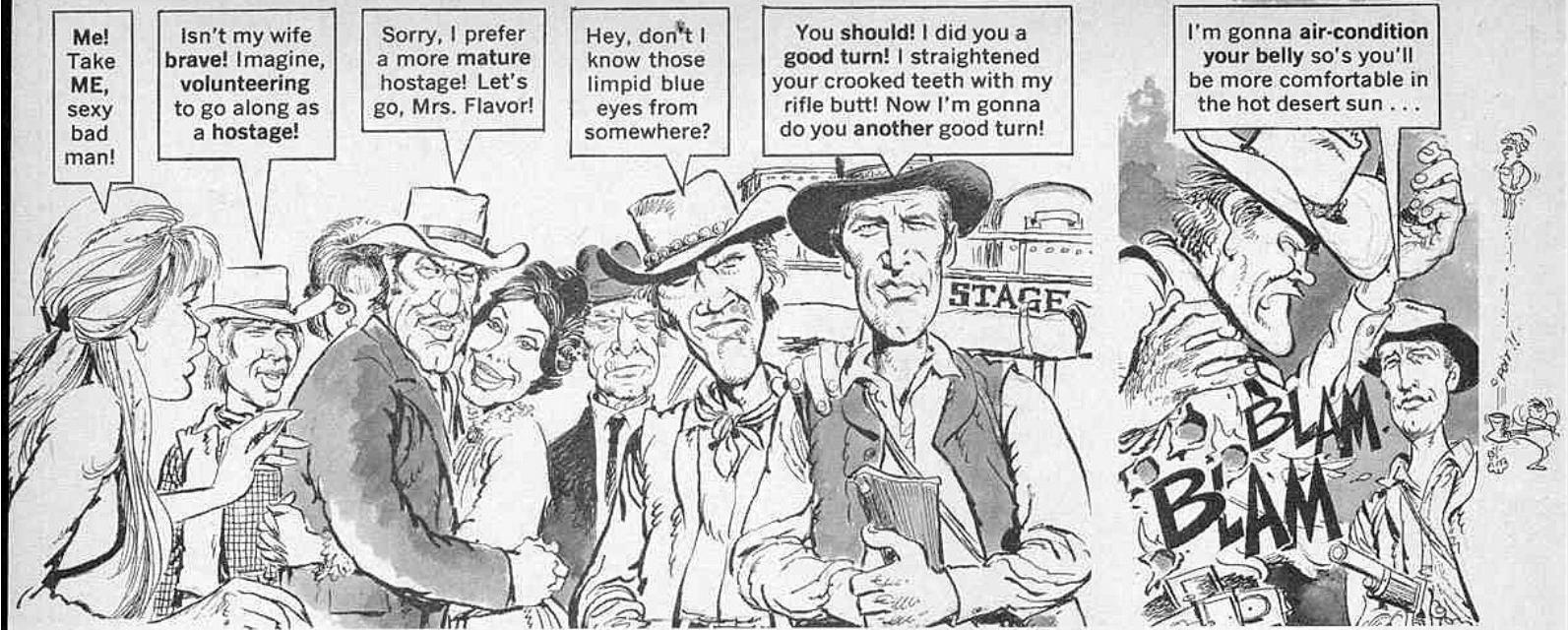
My name is Crimes ... and guess what! I'm gonna take your place on the Stage! Any objections, Sonny?

Hilly Lee—you ain't gonna let that sexy bad man take your seat, are you?

Of course I ain't! Sorry, Mr. Crimes, but you can't have my seat! You can have HER'S, though!







I got lost somewhere, but I figure it all means you're an Indian-Giver!

Right! And now, get lost for real! Take off into that desert!

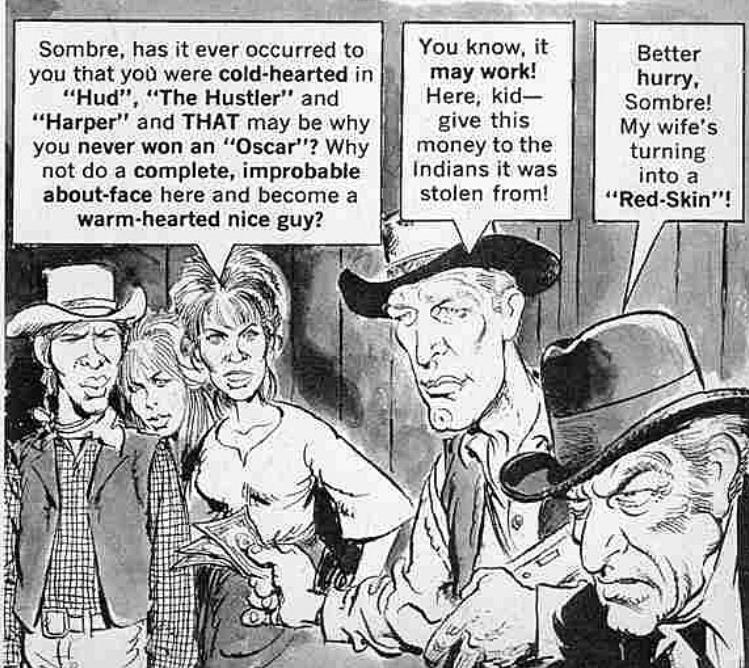
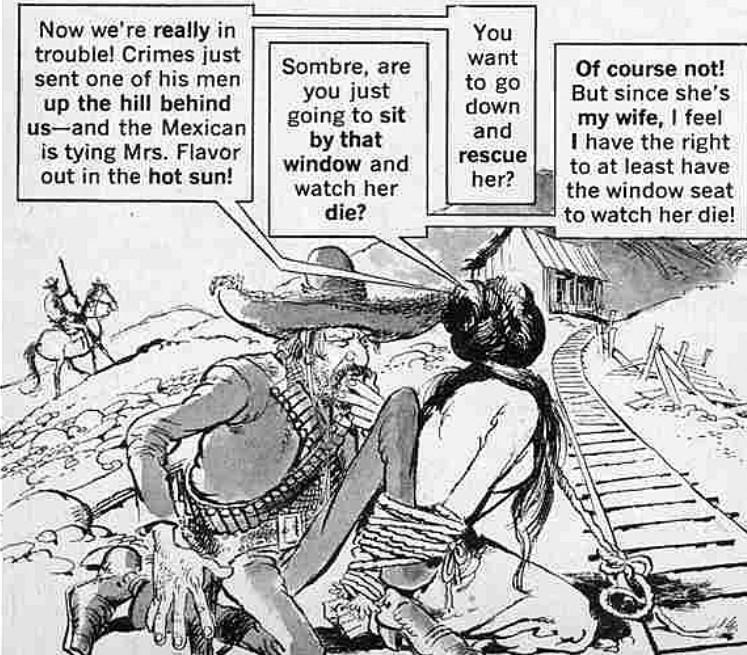
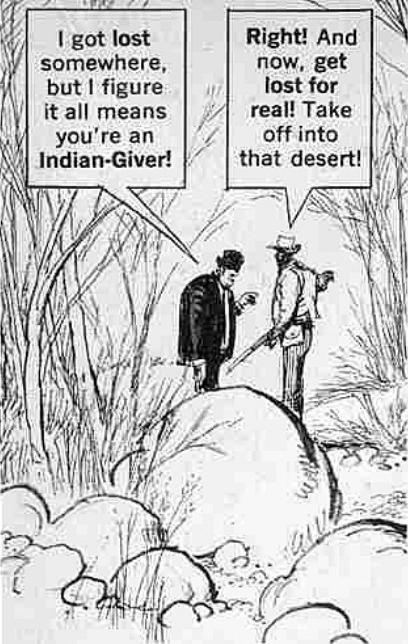
Sombre, you sent Flavor off into the desert with no water—then forced us to cross it at night and hide in this old mine shack! How much longer must we stay here?

Till Crimes and his men pass us by!

Look, it's Dr. Flavor! He made it across the desert by himself!

Don't make a sound! There comes Crimes over the hill!

How can you be so cruel? Just because Dr. Flavor tried to take our water and leave us to die is no reason why we shouldn't risk our lives to try to help him now!



Do you know how to use a rifle?

Sure! You pull this thing-a-ma-jig till it goes boom!

You certainly know how to make a guy feel confident! Now watch that Mexican, and if he moves—make that rifle go boom in his head, okay?

Okay, Crimes! There are the saddle-bags! I'm cutting Mrs. Flavor free . . .

Why, you dirty double-crosser! These saddle-bags are empty! What some guys won't do to win an "Oscar"!

Ha-ha! I'm laughing myself to one, also!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

He's dead!

How can you tell?

He's not moving!

That don't mean anything! He ain't hardly moved this whole picture!

What was hees name?

Sombre! Why do you ask?

When a man ees dying, he always asks trivial questions! Ha-ha-ha!

I'll take back my money now!

No—I said I'd give it to the Indians!

They'd just waste it on food and clothing!

Let's act civilized!
Let's divide it up!

Hold everything!
I'LL take the money!

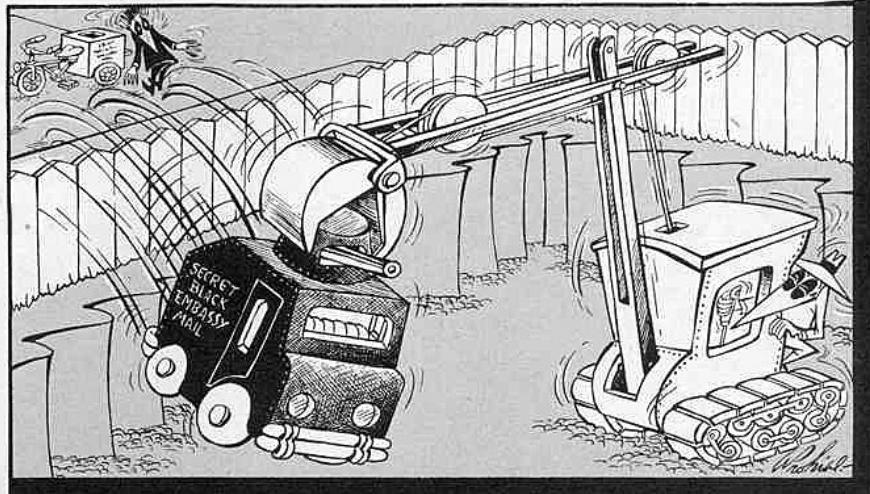
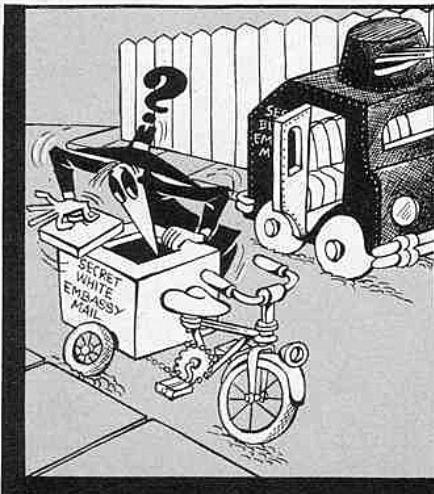
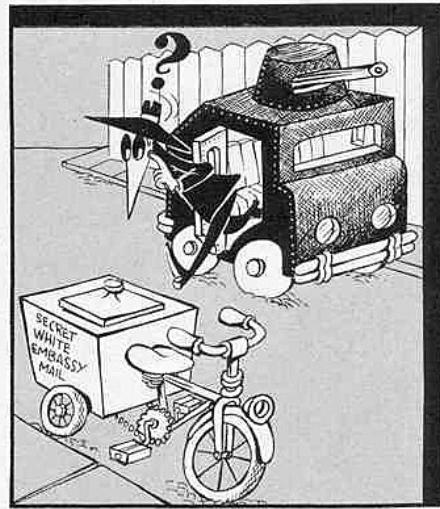
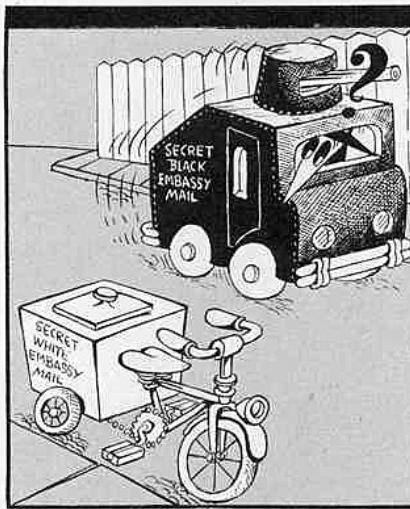
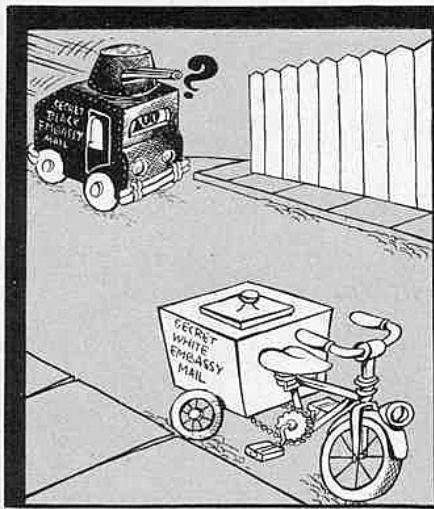
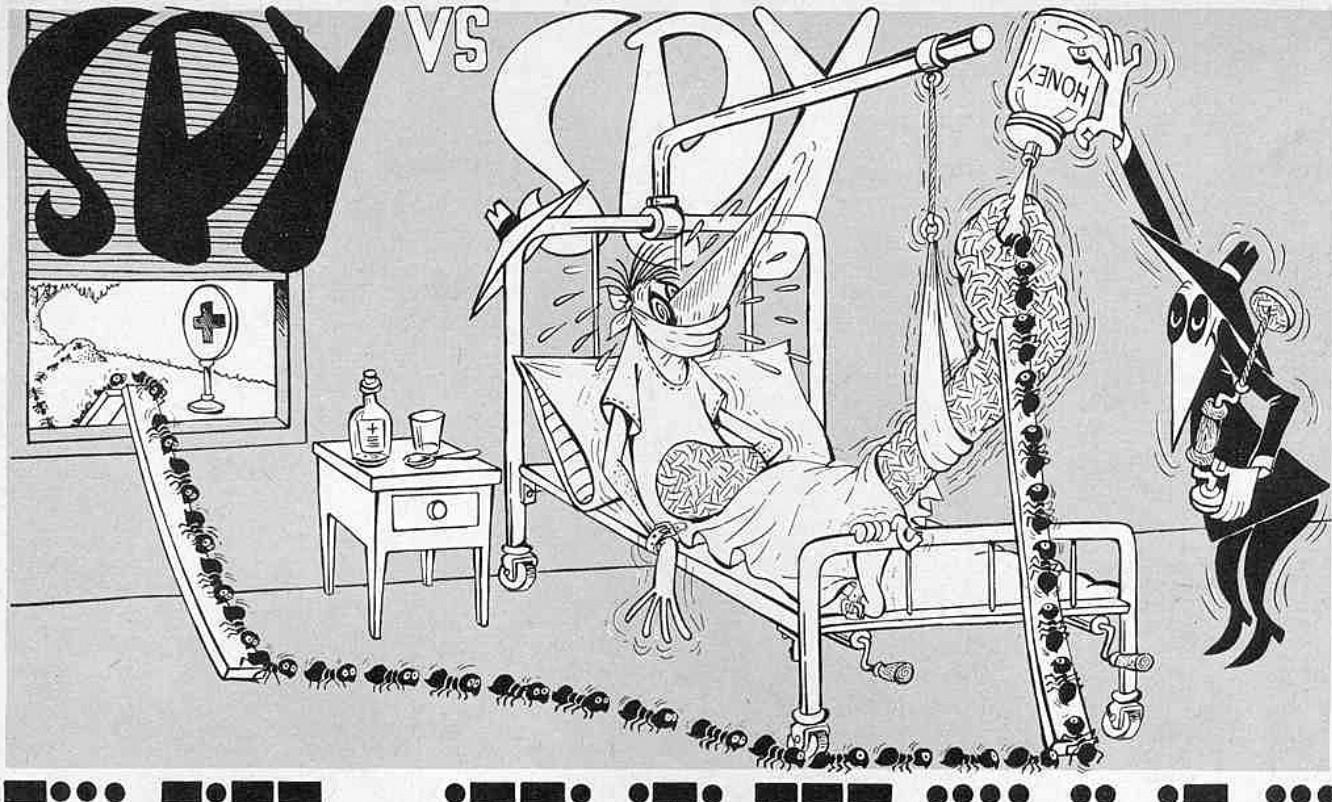
Where'd YOU come from?

I'm the guy that Crimes sent up the hill around in back!
You people forgot about me!
The Director forgot about me!
The audience forgot about me!

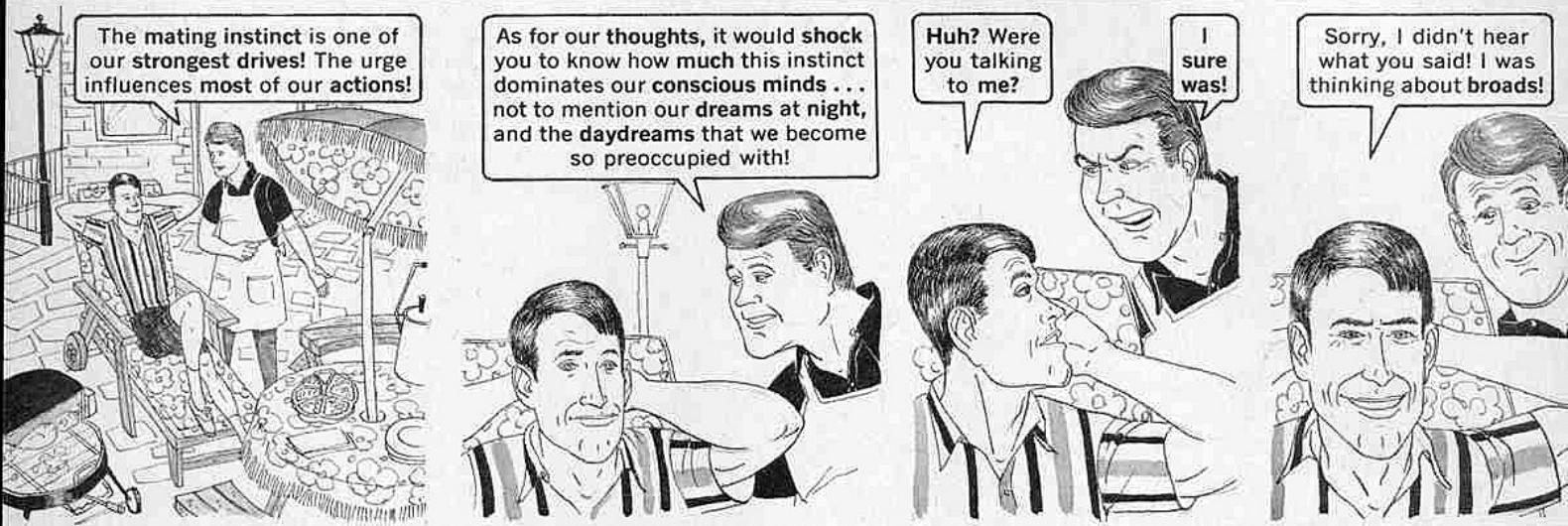
But I didn't forget about me!

How could it be that everyone forgot about him?

Don't ask me! I'm still trying to figure out how that water-bag got in the mine shaft!



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... THE



MATING GAME

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

My very own Mother—
and you deliberately
ruined my reputation!

What did
I do?
What?
WHAT???

You went around, blabbing
about me all over town . . .
about my personal sex life!

All I said was that
you were a decent,
moral girl!!

That's what I mean!!
What boy will want to
go out with me now!!

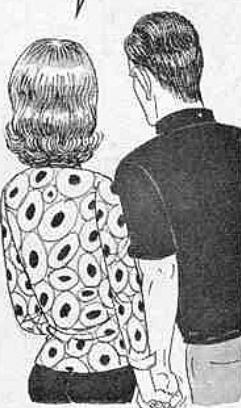


Hey, they
sure gave
up easy!
Yeah, we'd
better go
'round the
block and pass
them again!

You wanna see proof that all the world
loves a lover? Take a look at those two
sweethearts leaving a trail of smiles
all the way down the street by the simple,
yet moving gesture of holding hands!

You'd BETTER
hold my hands...

. . . because when you
let go, I'm gonna give
you such a HIT!



Well, George, ol' boy! You
gotta face it! If you don't
know the lines, then fake it!
Ready? On stage . . . Curtain
going up . . . Action . . .

HAVE NO
FEAR!
GEORGIE'S
HERE!

At last!
The life
of the
party!

Georgie!
My
favorite
swinger!

What
a
make-out
artist!

Georgie's
here! Now
we'll see
some action!

Boy!
He's
a
natural!

I wish
I had
his self-
confidence!

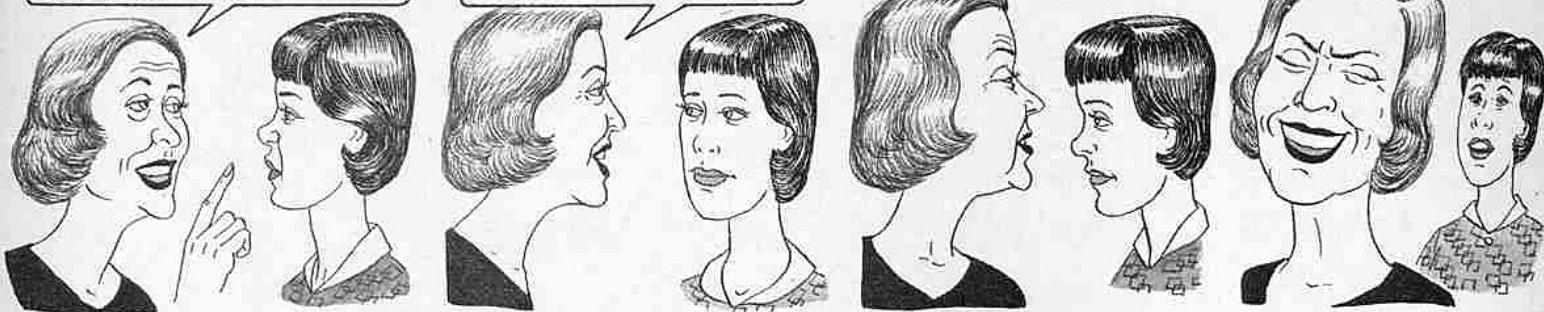


Look, he's a nice boy! He makes a nice living! And besides, you don't have that many chances! You can't afford to be choosy! So for goodness sake, don't louse it up!

Don't let him know you're more intelligent than he is, so don't talk too much! And don't show him that you're a better athlete by beating him at bowling!

What I'm trying to tell you is: Don't let him know you're SUPERIOR to him!

There's plenty of time for that AFTER you're married!



Ronny, have I got a girl for you! This is going to be the greatest favor I ever did for you!

Do me a favor, Aunt Ellen, and don't do me any favors! Everybody's trying to match me up, and the girl always turns out to be a DOG!

To you, every girl is a dog! Maybe to a girl, you're a dog by comparison!

Listen, any girl that has to be matched has got to be a DOG!

Shhh! Don't talk so loud! She's in the next room!

WHAT!? You got the dog HERE!? Aunt Ellen, this is a dirty trick!



Don't you notice anything different about me?

Er—let's see! The dress I've seen before! And the hair style's the same!

Are you blind or something?

Why are you waving your hand in front of me?

You're the fifth person today that didn't notice I got an engagement ring last night!

Oh! Gee! Sorry! Congratulations!

What's the use of getting engaged if nobody even notices it!



Mother—Daddy—Milton and I are getting married!

YOU'RE WHAT!? Just like that, you're GETTING MARRIED! What about this big hulk here? This what's-his-name? How do you know I even approve of this bum?

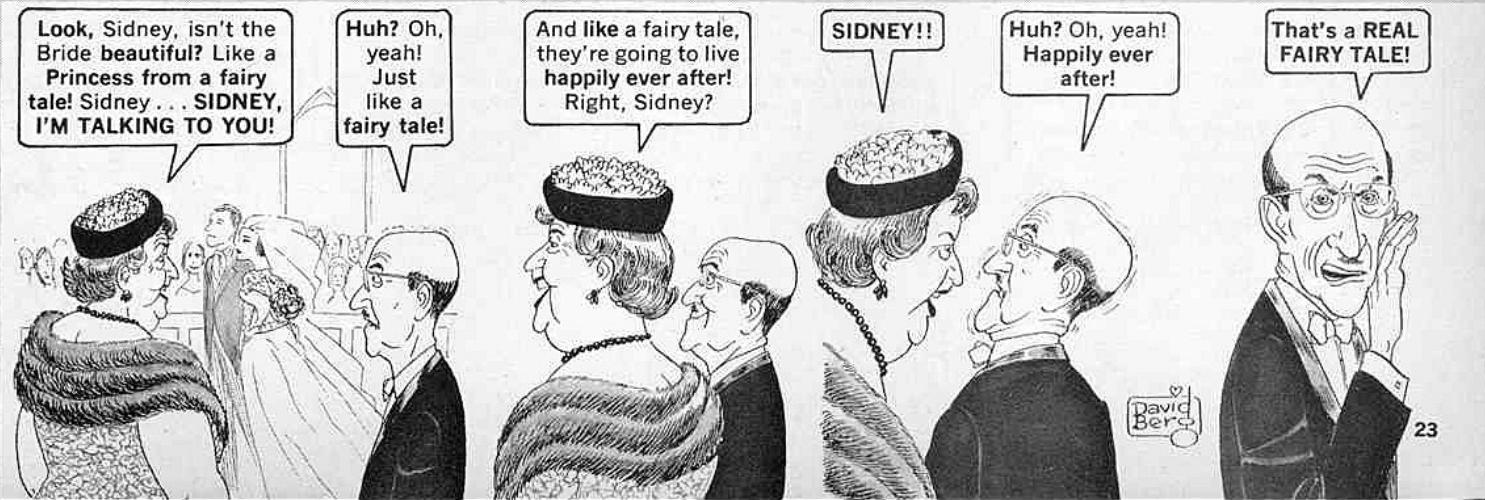
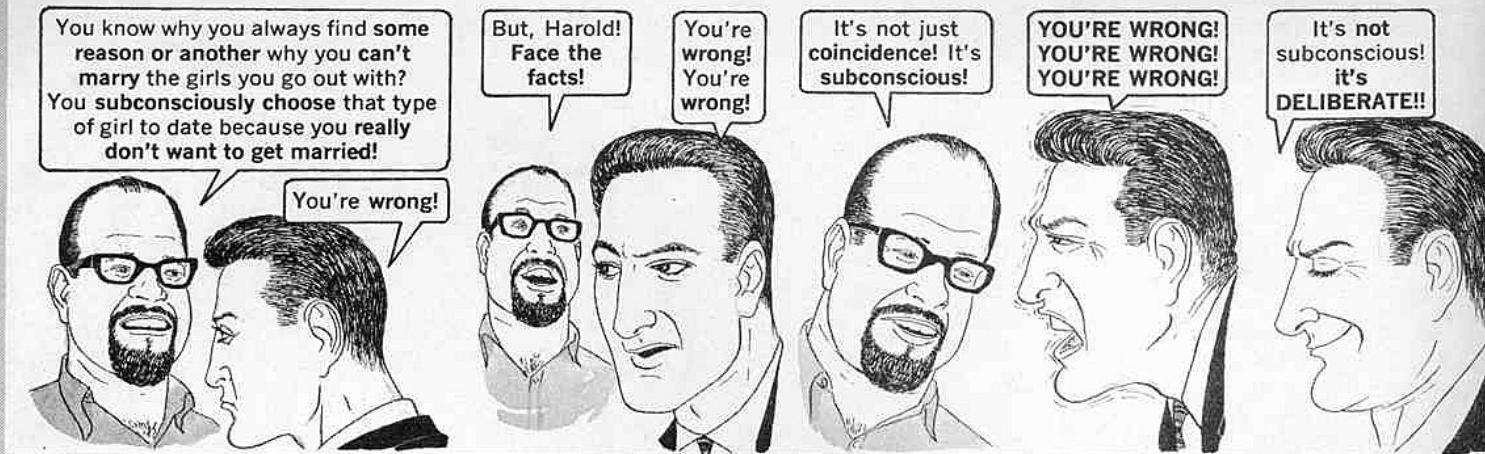
Remember me? I'm your Father! I raised you—clothed you—fed you! Now, out of the blue, you suddenly tell me you're getting married? You think I'm going to turn over something so precious to a complete stranger?

And YOU, stranger! Don't you have the common decency to ask a father for permission to marry his daughter?

I—I'm—I'm sorry, sir! I—er—ah—may I marry your daughter?

TAKE HER! TAKE HER AND GOOD RIDDANCE!





TEE-OLOGY DEPT.

There seems to be a new "Religion" currently attracting great masses of followers across our land. Many sheep are straying from the folds of Protestantism, Catholicism and Judaism to become devotees of this movement called "Dufferism". At least,

A Psalm For A S

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

*The Pro is my Shepherd,
I shall not Slice.*

*He maketh me to Drive Straight
down Green Fairways,*

*He leadeth me Safely
across Still Water-Hazards,*

He restoreth my Approach Shots.

*He leadeth me in the Paths of
Accuracy for my Game's Sake.*

*Yea, though I chip through the Roughs
in the shadows of Sand Traps,
I will fear no Bogies.*





that is how it must appear to all the discouraged Ministers, Priests and Rabbis who look out over their congregations on Sabbath mornings and see so many of the men missing. And so, until these Prodigal Sons return, MAD snidely offers them:

abbath Morning

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

For his Advice is with me;

*His Putter and Irons,
they comfort me.*

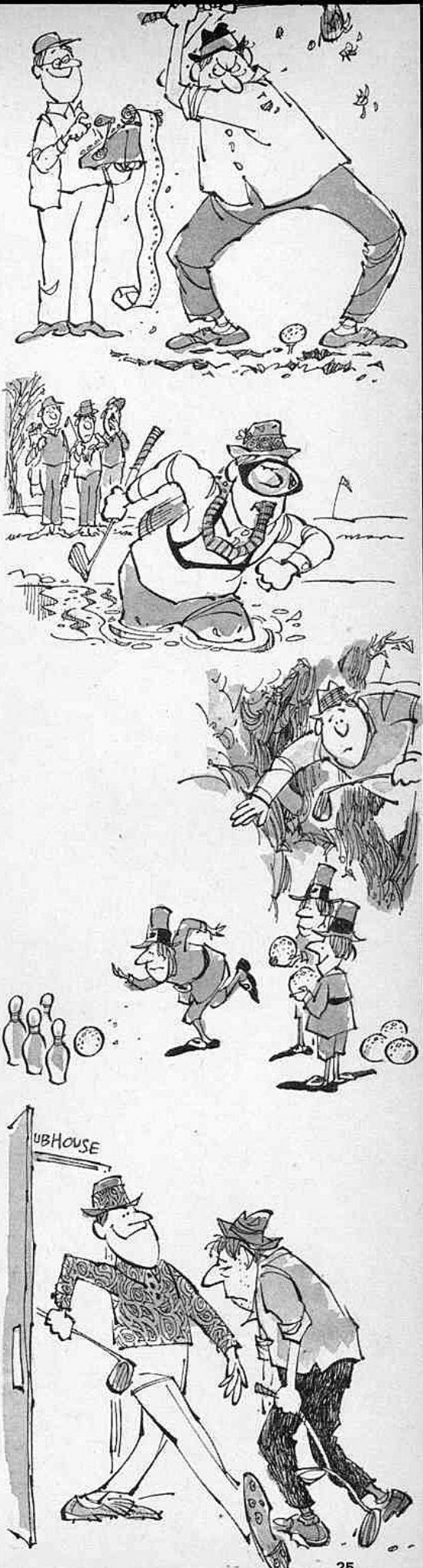
*He prepareth a Strategy for me
in the presence of mine Opponents,*

*He anointeth my head with Confidence:
The Cup will not be runneth over!*

*Surely Birdies and Eagles shall follow
me all the Rounds of my Life,*

And I will score in the Low Eighties—

Forever!



5-STAR FINAL INDIGNITY DEPT.

Have you ever wondered how TV producers dream up those ridiculous Daytime TV Game Shows? You haven't? Well, in that case, go on to the next article—and next time, don't be so smart! But for those of you who have wondered, it's really not difficult! All they do is take simple, everyday incidents, and build them into games. For instance, some TV Producer probably tried to guess how much his wife spent

TV GAME SHOWS BASED ON

The Daily Poop *****

BOY 12, MISSING THREE DAYS, FOUND UNHARMED

This is the tiniest type we cleverly use for dummy paper, and if close to the

Hi, everybody! It's time to play the exciting new TV Game Show, "MISSING PERSON"! And here he is—your genial host—the man with the face of a bloodhound and the nose of an angel . . . Er—I mean, the face of an angel and the nose of a bloodhound! . . . Gary Moron . . .

Hello, folks—and standing here beside me is our first contestant on "MISSING PERSON" . . . Mrs. Wilma Banks! Tell us something about yourself, Wilma . . .

Well, I'm a housewife, and I have five lovely sons, and—

You mean **FOUR** lovely sons, Wilma!

No, I have **FIVE** lovely sons—

But that's where you're mistaken, Mrs. Banks—For we, the fun-loving, funny, funny people at "MISSING PERSON" have actually kidnapped . . . giggle-giggle . . . one of your five children!



All right, let's have THE HINT BOARD, please!

Now, Mrs. Banks, you have 30 seconds to rearrange these letters so they spell out the name of the State or Territory which will be your first clue to finding your MISSING PERSON!

Ready . . . set . . . GO . . .



And while you're doing that, Mrs. Banks, we're going to spur you on during these same 30 seconds by playing an actual recording of your son's voice, which we made at our secret hiding place . . .

Ma? Ma-a-a-h? This is Herman! HELP!! I don't know where I am—and I'm afraid of Bats! So please find me and take me home! I'll go to school . . . sob . . . and I'll go to the Dentist . . .



on a new hat, and it gave him the idea for "The Price Is Right". And some other TV producer's wife probably tried to question him on where he was all night, and it gave him the idea for "I've Got A Secret". It's that easy! Why, you could probably take a simple incident as reported in any Daily Newspaper, and build a Game Show out of it! What? You don't believe us?! Okay, here, then, are some . . .



NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Yes, Mrs. Banks, at 4 A.M. this morning, our roving kidnapper here entered your son Herman's bedroom and summoned him to an emergency Cub Scout Meeting! Only thing was—heh-heh—there was no Scout Meeting! The Meeting was actually at 3 A.M.! At any rate, your son has been hidden somewhere in the United States, including Puerto Rico and the Guantanamo Bay Naval Station!

Herman!
Sob!
Herman!
My
poor
Herman!!
Sob!

Now, Mrs. Banks, if you like, you can forget about Herman—and take home this de-luxe vacuum cleaner—

NO! My
Son! I
want
my boy!
Where
is he?

I feel it's
only fair
to point out
it comes
with all the
attachments!

I suspect you want to play "MISSING PERSON" and forget about the vacuum! Too bad . . . because you would've also gotten a year's supply of disposable bags . . . monogrammed!



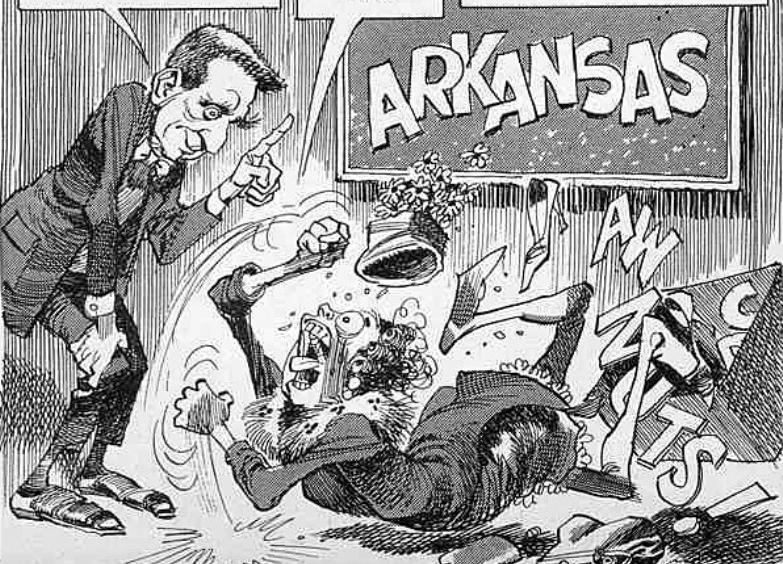
\$

Time's up, Mrs. Banks! Well, you spelled out "Arkansas"! That gives you 100%—in spelling! And zero in playing "MISSING PERSON" . . .

But I—sob
—spelled
out a name!
You wanted
a name!
Sob!

Yes, but what I forgot to tell you is that it was actually possible to spell out the names of 17 States where your son is NOT hidden with those letters! That's part of the fun!!

ARKANSAS



Do I see a frown on your face, Mrs. Banks? Cheer up! Because you get to come back next week, and the week after that, and so on . . . until you find your son! Unless, of course, the show is cancelled! In which case, you don't get your son OR the vacuum cleaner! But as we say: "Who Cares As Long As We Have Fun . . . Fun . . . Fun"

I've tried to lead a good life! I've never hurt anyone intentionally . . .

We'll meet our next fun-seeker in just a moment! But first, a word from our sponsor—



MAN FALLS IN NEIGHBOR'S HOME—SUES FOR \$100,000

This is the could find cleverly using copy to make real ne
tinest type we are for dummy it look like a paper, and

Hi, folks, and welcome to "SO SUE ME"—the show where you can win a fortune, or lose your life's savings. I'm your fun-master, Art Lunkhead . . . and our first contestant is Mr. Perry Schmeerer—a house painter—who, at this very moment, is on a job in a three-room apartment in Brooklyn . . .

Hi, Mr. Schmeerer! How are you feeling?

Just fine and dandy, Art!

Well, we certainly hope that won't last long! For the only way to win on "SO SUE ME" is to be hurt! Now, Mr. Schmeerer—at the sound of the bell you'll have one minute to try to injure yourself—which will earn you the right to sue for up to ONE MILLION DOLLARS! Ready? Okay . . . GO!!



He did it!
He injured
himself!
Thank God!!

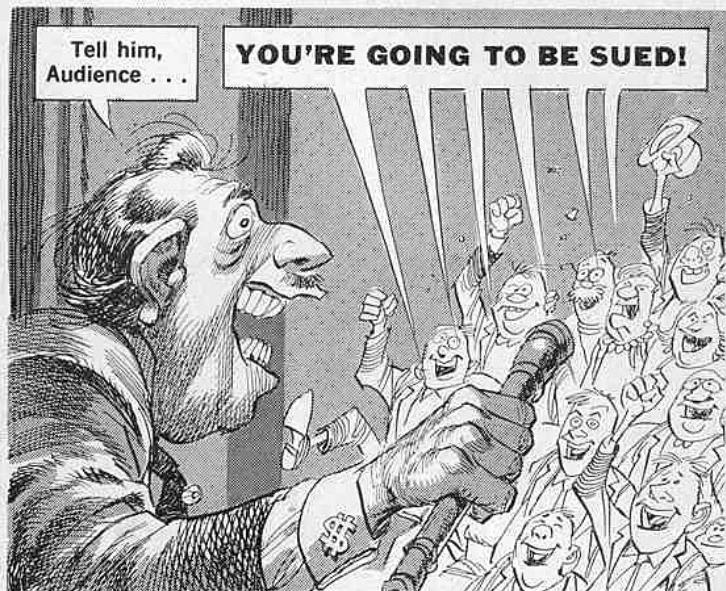
And it looks like a
really good fall, Mr.
Schmeerer! I can see
blood and everything!

Well . . .
how do you
feel now,
Mr. Patsy!

Terrible!
What am I
going to do?



YOU'RE GOING TO BE SUED!



DIVORCE RATE ON THE RISE

This is the cleverly using real news-
paper, and if it is too darn type we cou
close to the find which you can read
page. This is are clever
using f

Hi, folks, and welcome to
"LET'S GET
IT OVER
WITH"—the show where each week, a wonderful wedded couple—a couple like you—gets a divorce!

And now, let's meet that lovely couple! On my left—our lovely housewife, Mrs. Jane Webster . . .

Hi,
there!
I'm so
glad
to be
here!

And on my right, our lovely hub-Er—Where's MISTER Webster?

You didn't expect that no-good bum to be on time, did you? He was on time for our wedding—and he's been late for everything else since!

Sorry—gasp!
I'm late—gasp!
—but "Charge-Account-Jane" over there has been running up so many bills I'm presently holding down three full-time jobs!

Big deal! You still do nothing from Midnight till 4 A.M.! And how about Sundays, when you sleep till 6 A.M.! If you really loved me—

Can I hit her? Just once! In front of the TV cameras—so her mother can see!?

You two just relax, because we're ready to play "LET'S GET IT OVER WITH"! Now let's bring on the "Wheel Of Fortune"!



C'mon, Perry! Break a leg! If you love me and the kids, you'll break a leg! Break **BOTH** if you can, Sweetheart!

While we're waiting, folks—meet Mr. Irving Patsy! It's Mr. Patsy's apartment that Mr. Schmeerer is working in, so you can understand why he's so nervous! Eh, Mr. Patsy?

Ten seconds, Mr. Schmeerer! Time is running out—and you don't seem injured yet!

How come you can't get up in the morning without breaking something . . . and now you can't even hurt yourself, you big idiot!?

I'm trying, Helen,
dear! I'm try-y—
I-I-ING-G-G-o

Right! And now, it's time to meet tonight's "Celebrity Judge"—the Honorable Marvin Politico! Judge . . .

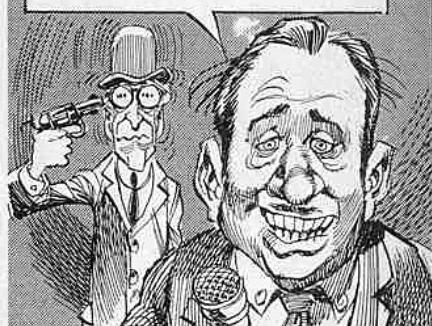
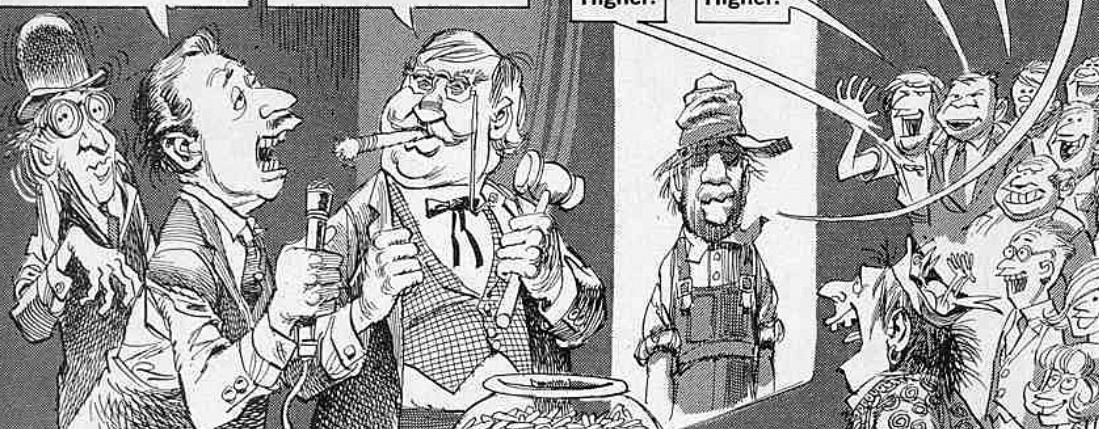
Hi, Art! Hi, folks!
Hi, Mr. Schmeerer!
If you're ready . . .
tell me, **HOW MUCH**
ARE YOU SUING FOR?

**\$50,000
Judge!**

Make it
\$100,000!

Okay! I'll take a chance!
ONE MILLION DOLLARS!!

Boy, this certainly is exciting—eh, folks? And now, while we're waiting to learn if Mr. Patsy is ruined for life, or even longer, as Judge Politico gets set to pick Mr. Schmeerer's actual award from the Jury Award Bowl . . . here is a word from our sponsor . . .



You will notice that our "Wheel Of Fortune" is marked "HIS" and "HERS"!

Now, I'll give it a spin, and in a minute, we'll see which one of you two gets to keep the house, the car, the bonds, and the kids! Ready . . . ?

It's stopping! It's—

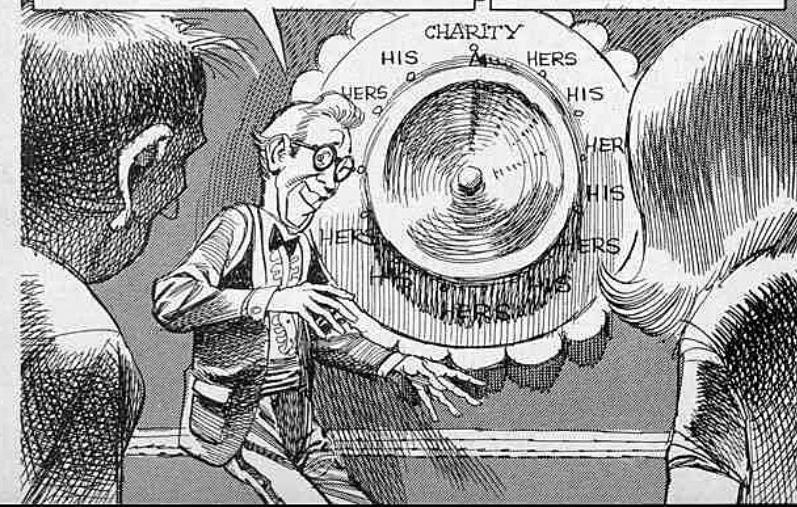
HIS! HERS! HIS! HERS!
His . . . Hers . . .
Well, look at that! A
million-to-one-shot!

million-to-one-shot!
It stopped on "CHARITY"!

**Too bad, folks!
That's the story!
Everything you own
including the kids,
goes to Charity!**

But that's the chance you take when
you play "LET'S GET IT OVER WITH"!

Remember, each couple gets a film of the show with the other party's picture blacked out! And now, let's meet our next wonderful wedded pair—



SENATE COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE WASTE IN GOVERNMENT SPENDING

dummy copy to make it look like a real newspaper, and if you can read it, your nose is too darn close to the page. This type we could find which we dummy copy to make it look like a real newspaper.

Hi, folks! I'm Gene Slowburn, and this is "SPEND MONEY LIKE THE GOVERNMENT", the fun-fun game where you get to spend money just like the Government! In other words, it's a game of stupid judgement, poor figuring, and outright corruption!

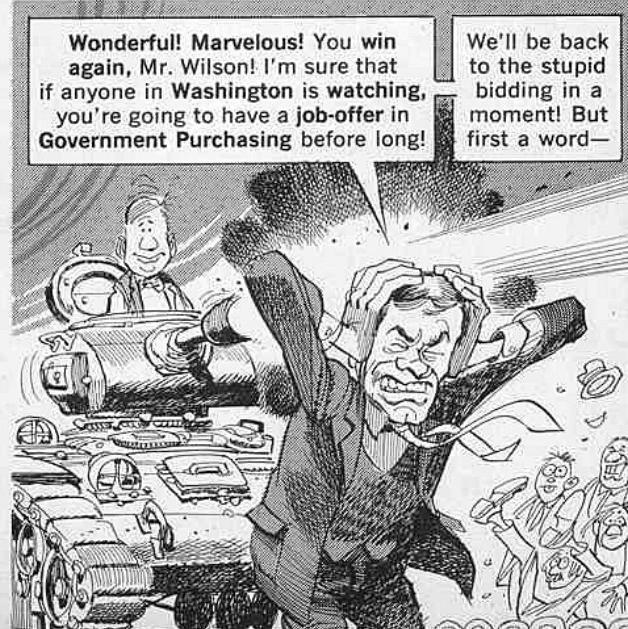
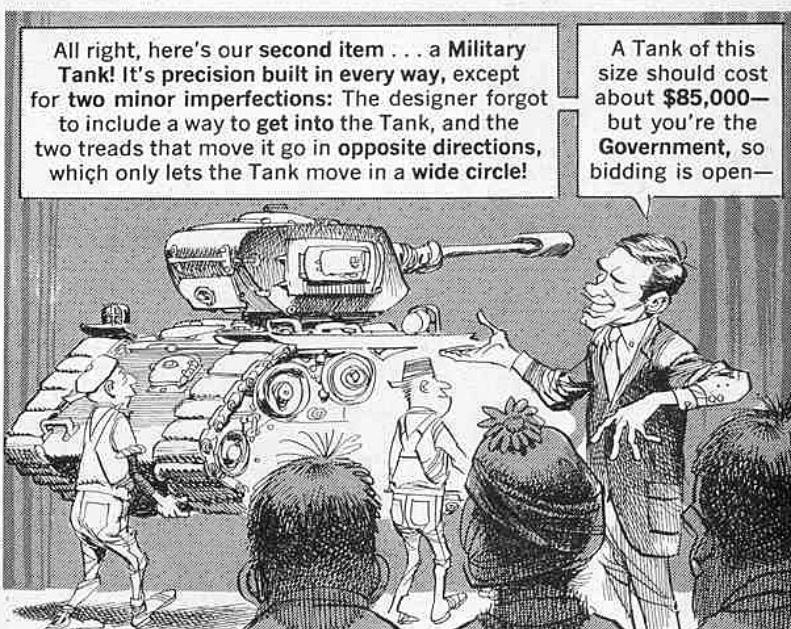
There's our panel of off-the-street contestants—and here's the first item we're asking them to bid on . . .

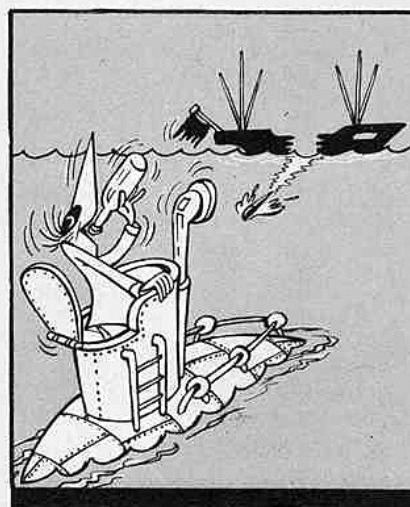
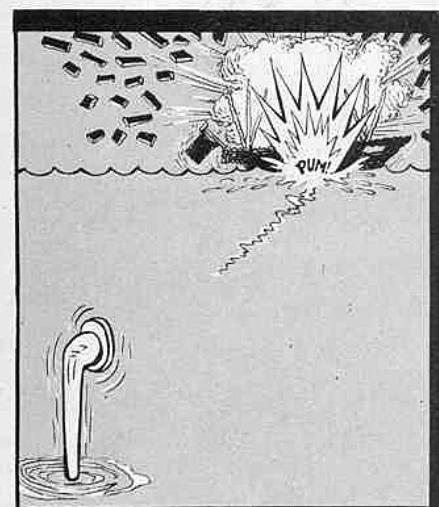
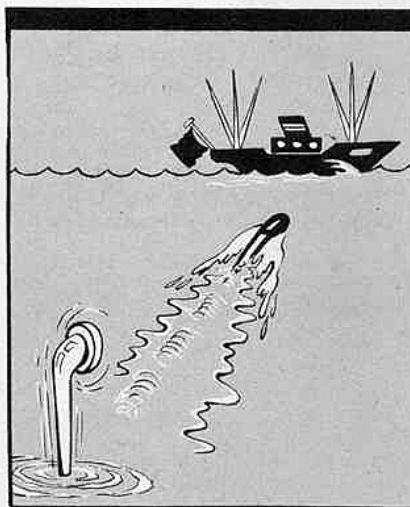
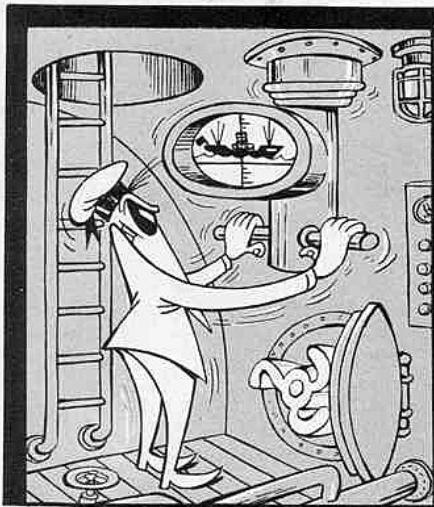
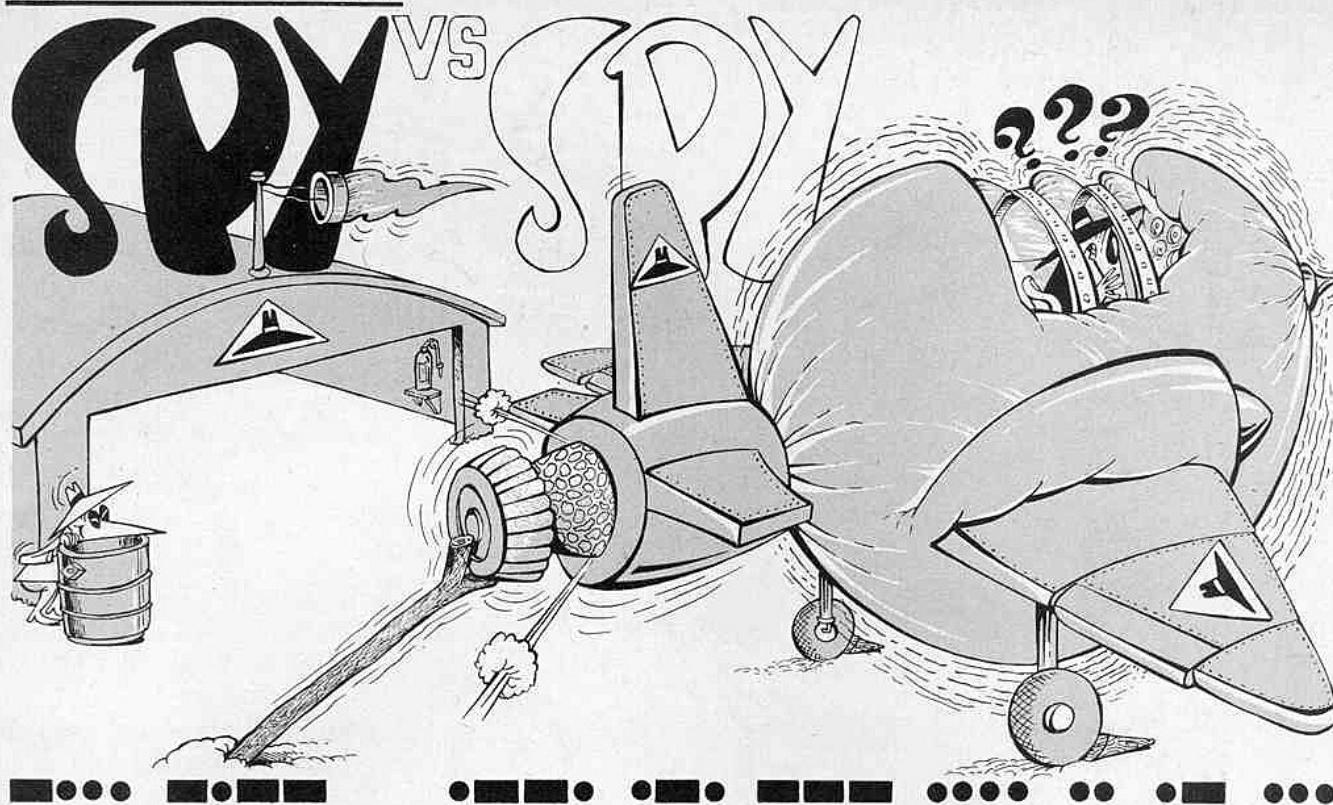
It's a Tent! It's made of inferior material—it's too short to sleep anyone over 4'9"—and the manufacturer wants \$50 apiece for them. Okay—bids are now open! Remember, you're the Government bidding . . .

I'll pay \$60 apiece for them!

I'll pay \$80—and I'll take a million more than I need!

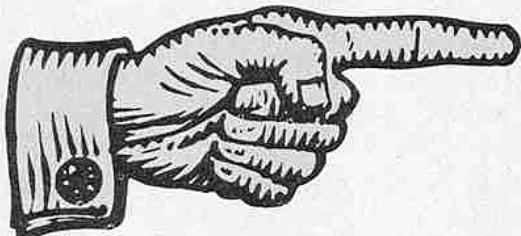
I'll pay the manufacturer \$100 apiece . . . NOT TO MAKE THEM AT ALL!





TOMORROW'S MOURNING DEPT.

There's an old saying: "Give a man an inch, and he wants a foot; give a man a foot, and he wants a yard; give a man a yard, and he wants a swimming pool installed in it!"* (*This old saying copyright 1966 by MAD.) In other words, what we're driving at is this: No matter how much we get, it's only a matter of time before it's not enough!



Yes, we think that no matter how good things get, people will still complain. So let's listen to some of these . . .

For example, years ago this was a typical conversation in a typical business office:

Boy, what a lousy life!
We work six days a week,
twelve hours a day!

And the heat!
It's like an oven in here!

And those lights!
They're so dim,
I'm going blind!



FUTURE C

What do you mean we're going to be open tomorrow? Tomorrow's a holiday! Since when do we work on St. Valentine's Day?

Now be fair, Miss Rook! We were closed on Arbor Day, Ground Hog Day and Halloween!

Yes, but you made me work part time on the last holiday—Martin Van Buren's birthday! Remember? I was supposed to be off, and you asked me to mail a letter!

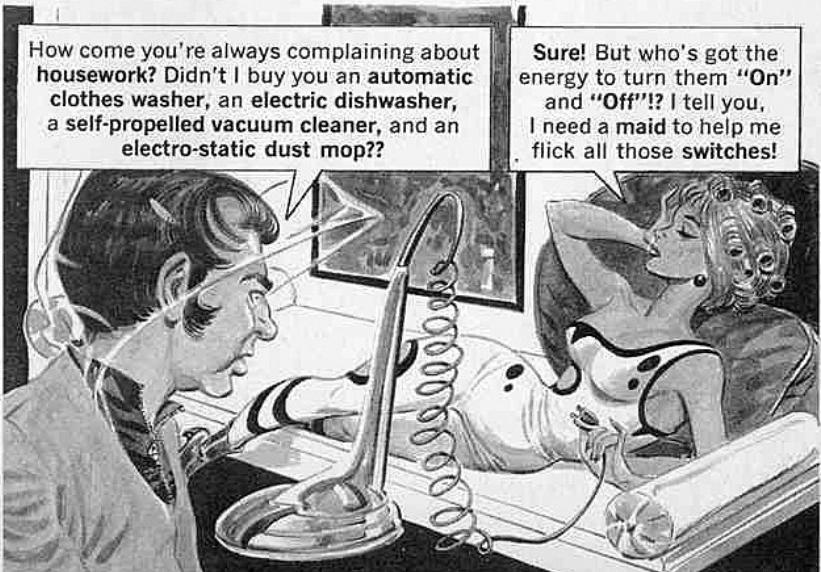
What's this? All you got on your English Composition was "A+"? What did Herbie next door get???



What a lousy tipper!! All he left was 50% of the check!!

How come you're always complaining about housework? Didn't I buy you an automatic clothes washer, an electric dishwasher, a self-propelled vacuum cleaner, and an electro-static dust mop??

Sure! But who's got the energy to turn them "On" and "Off"! I tell you, I need a maid to help me flick all those switches!



But now, years later, things have changed:

Boy, what a lousy life! Nine to five, five days a week!

And the air-conditioning! It's like a refrigerator in here sometimes!

And those lights! They're so bright, I'm going blind!



So it's fair to assume that in the future:

Boy, what a lousy life! Ten to Noon, three days a week!

And this year-round comfort-controlled climate system! Who wants to work in a place where it's **ALWAYS 70°!!**

Well, at least the lights are okay . . . but I'm going blind watching that flashing computer do my work for me!



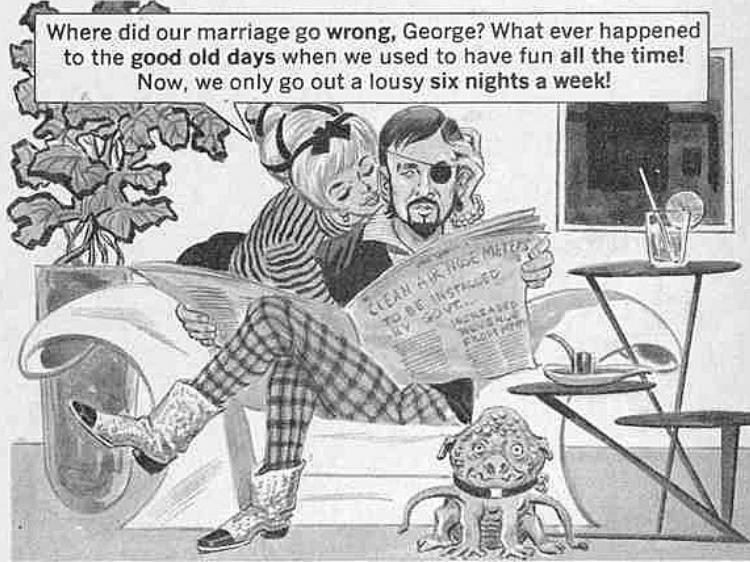
COMPLAINTS

Aw, Dad, do I have to be home so early? Sure I have school tomorrow, but what kind of fun can I have if I have to be home by 4:00 A.M.??

Listen, when I was your age, I had to be home by 2:00 A.M., so don't complain!



Where did our marriage go wrong, George? What ever happened to the good old days when we used to have fun all the time! Now, we only go out a lousy six nights a week!



Finally . . . that %\$#¢&!! bus is coming!! Do you know I've been waiting over a minute and a half!?

Well, here we are—back in school again! It seems like we just left the place!

Yeah! A seven-month Summer Vacation is hardly enough!



Boy, I wish they'd do something about these endless lines in the Post Office during the Christmas rush!



Here's your allowance!

Big deal! What can I buy with \$50.00?



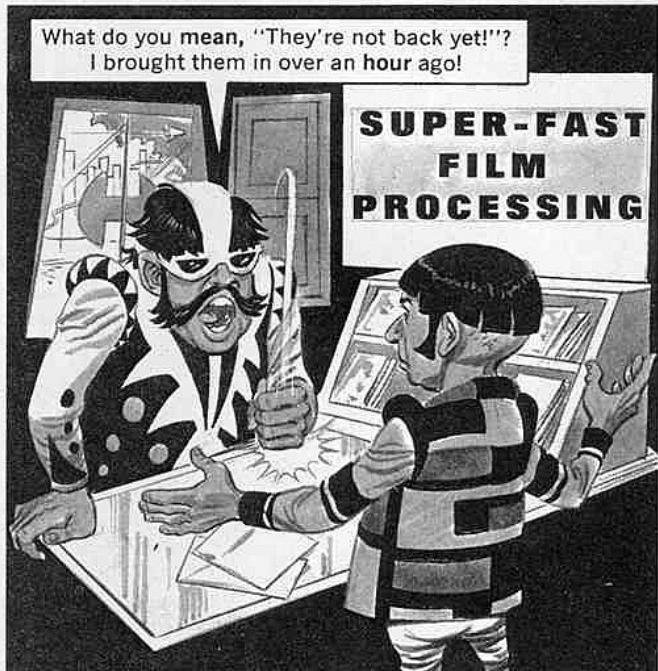
My father's a real prude! He lives in the past! I'm not allowed to smoke or drink, and I'm going to be thirteen in a few months!

I know what you mean! I'm two months older than you, and my old man has a fit whenever I talk about getting married!



What do you mean, "They're not back yet!"? I brought them in over an hour ago!

SUPER-FAST FILM PROCESSING



Yes, it's a very nice apartment, but it's only got four bathrooms! That's just one for each of us! What if we have more children?

APARTMENT FOR RENT



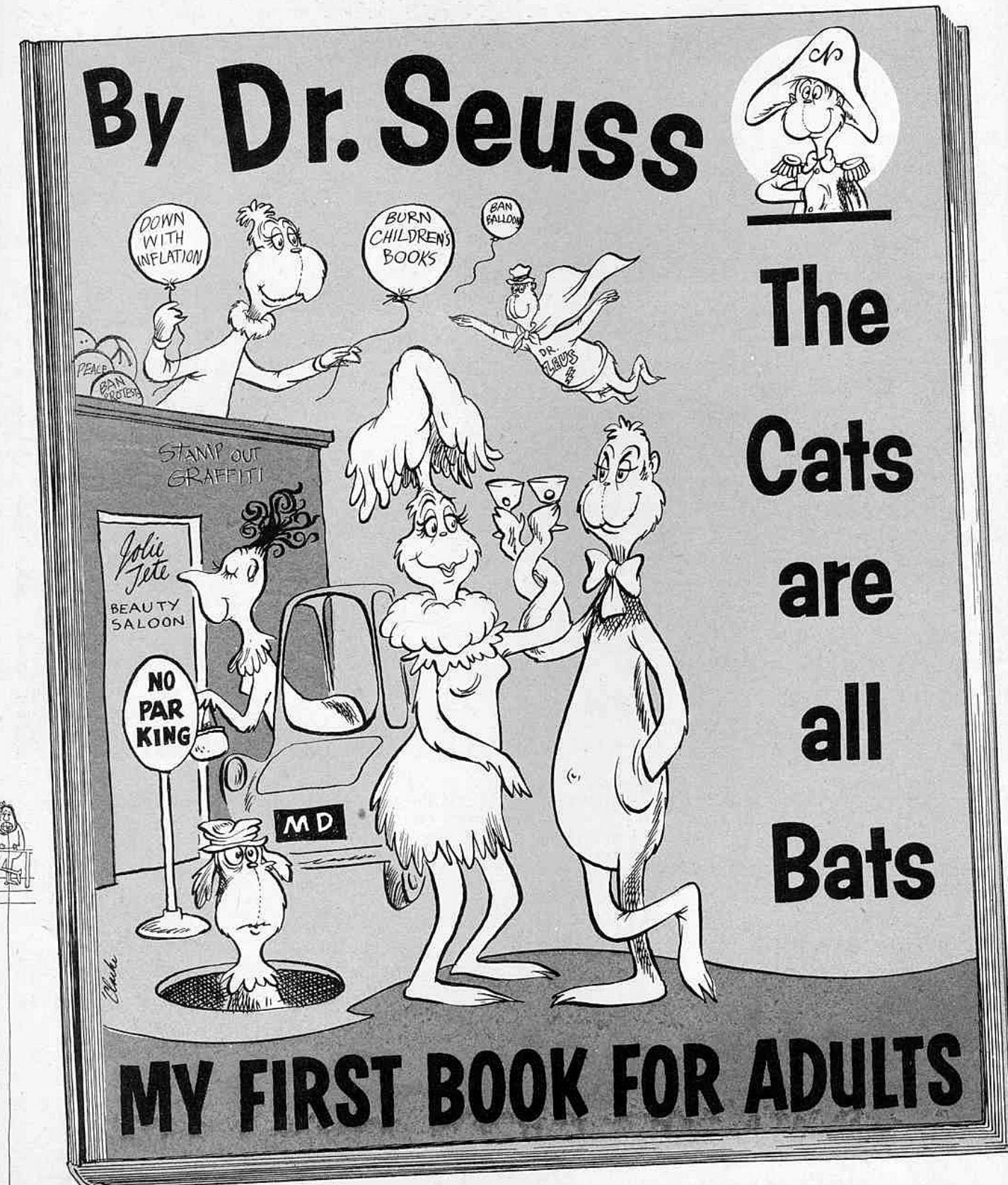
Let's see . . . tonight there's a "live" telecast of a Broadway Show; there's a movie, "My Fair Lady"; there's the first TV transmissions direct from the surface of the Moon; two award-winning documentaries; and the President's "State of the Union" address—

Boy . . . when is television going to improve?

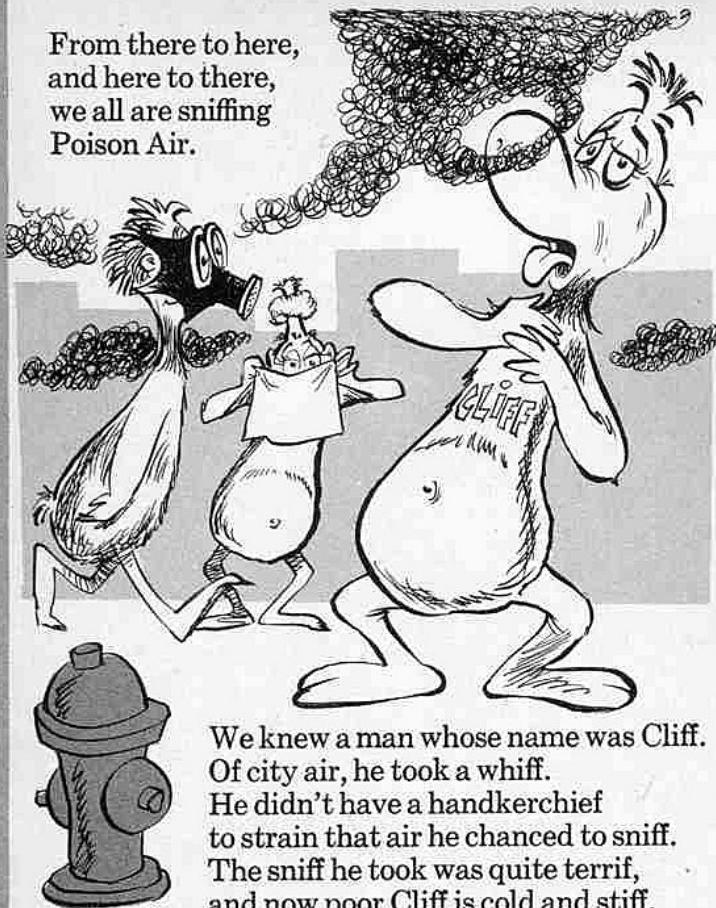


SEUSS YOUR OLD MAN DEPT.

In recent years, some of the most popular books for children have been among the series written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. Now, as much as we admire Dr. Seuss and his strange looking creatures, his lilting rhymes and his inspired nonsense, we still can't seem to get very excited about "Zeds" and "Gacks" and "Seven-Hump Wumps." We figure it's about time for Dr. Seuss to face reality and turn his talents toward more meaningful stuff. In other words, we'd really like to see something like this . . .

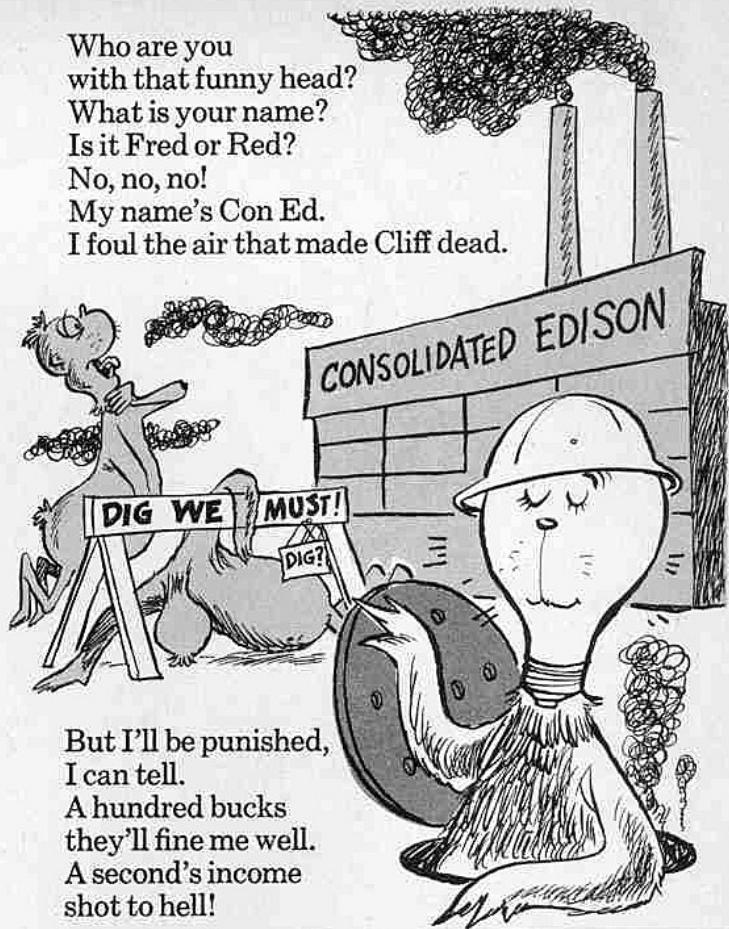


From there to here,
and here to there,
we all are sniffing
Poison Air.



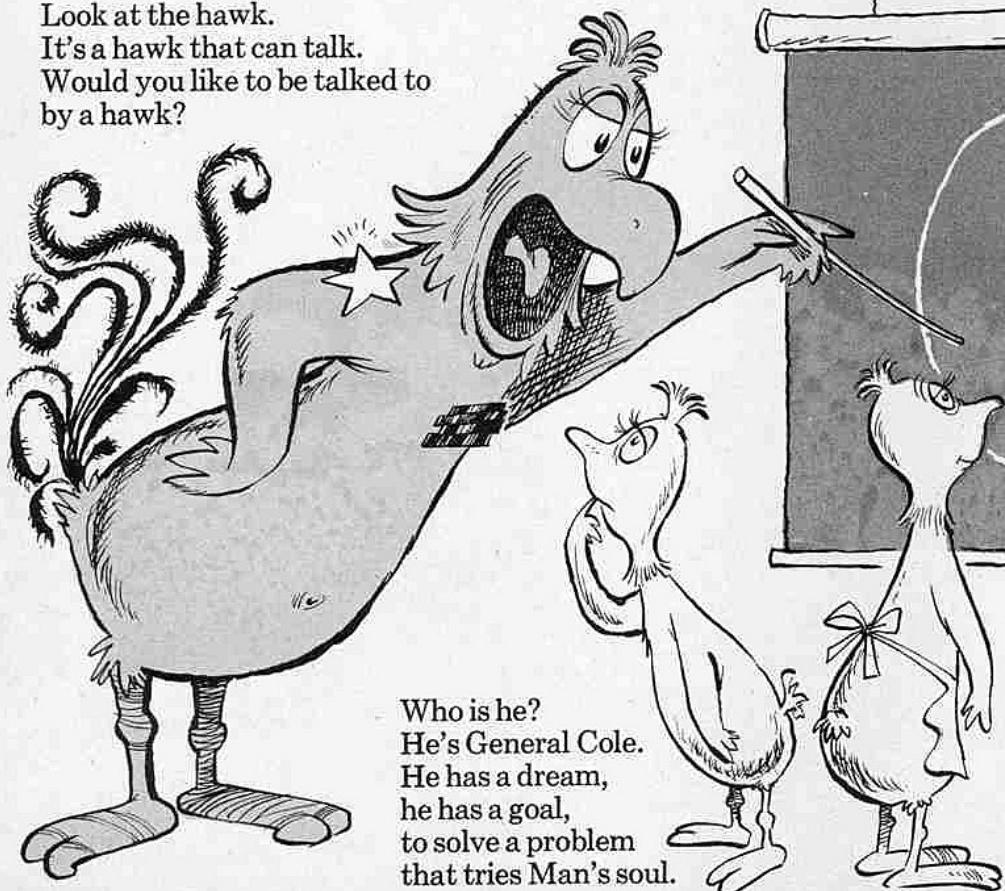
We knew a man whose name was Cliff.
Of city air, he took a whiff.
He didn't have a handkerchief
to strain that air he chanced to sniff.
The sniff he took was quite terrif,
and now poor Cliff is cold and stiff.

Who are you
with that funny head?
What is your name?
Is it Fred or Red?
No, no, no!
My name's Con Ed.
I foul the air that made Cliff dead.

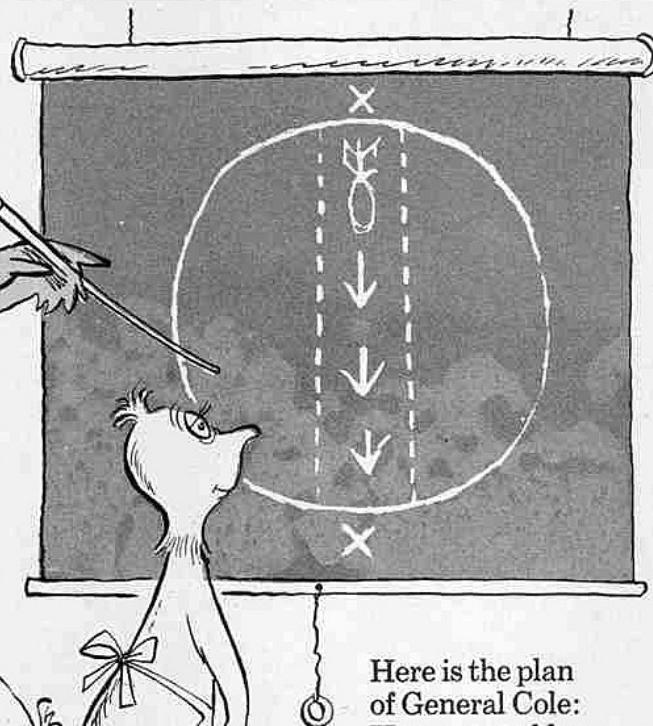


But I'll be punished,
I can tell.
A hundred bucks
they'll fine me well.
A second's income
shot to hell!

Look at the hawk.
It's a hawk that can talk.
Would you like to be talked to
by a hawk?

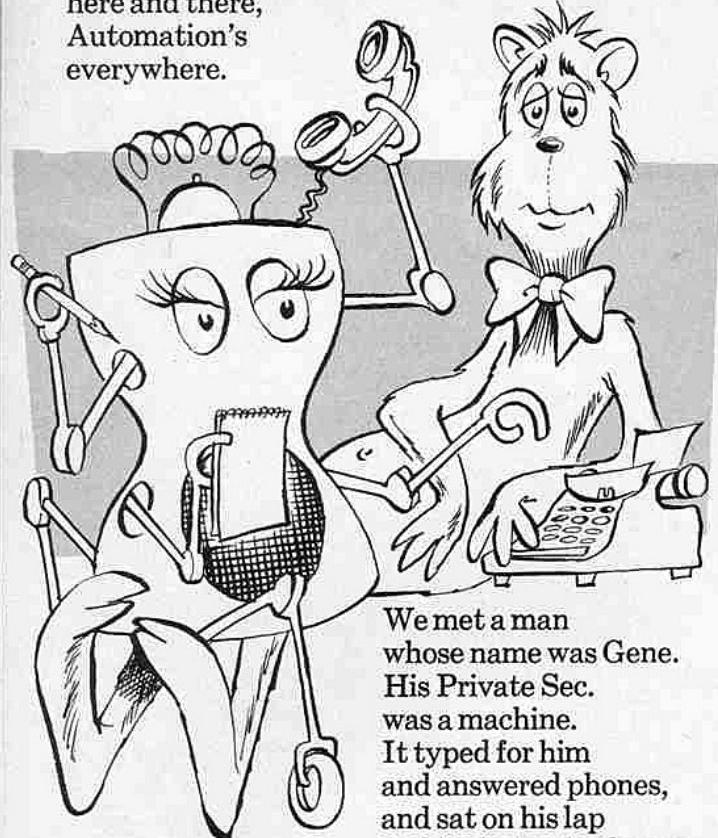


Who is he?
He's General Cole.
He has a dream,
he has a goal,
to solve a problem
that tries Man's soul.



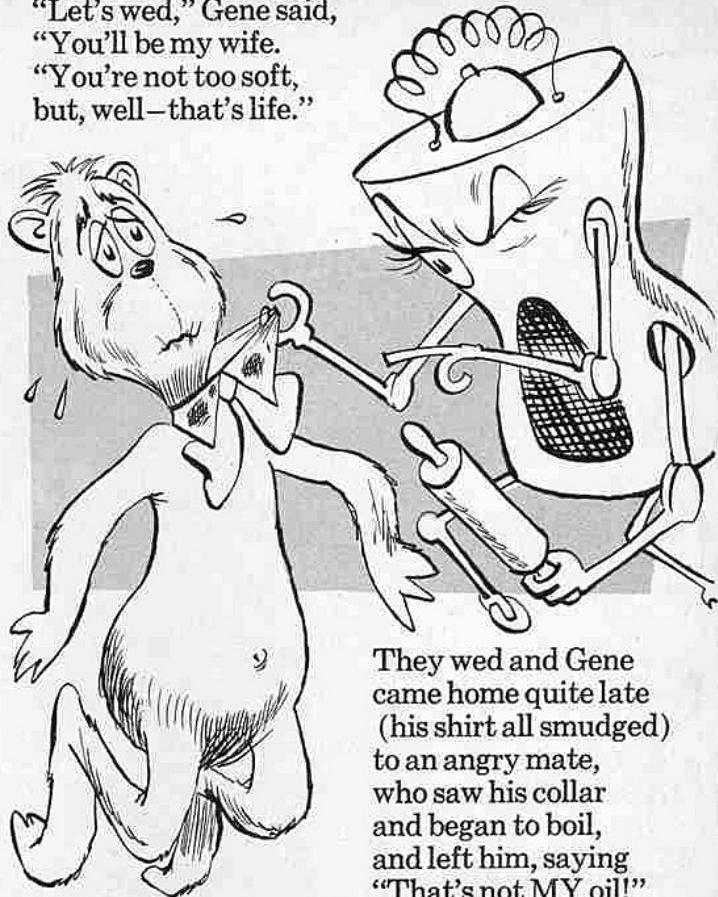
Here is the plan
of General Cole:
He wants to blow
a great big hole
into the Earth
from Pole to Pole.
It's the Army's answer
to Birth Control.

Up and down,
here and there,
Automation's
everywhere.



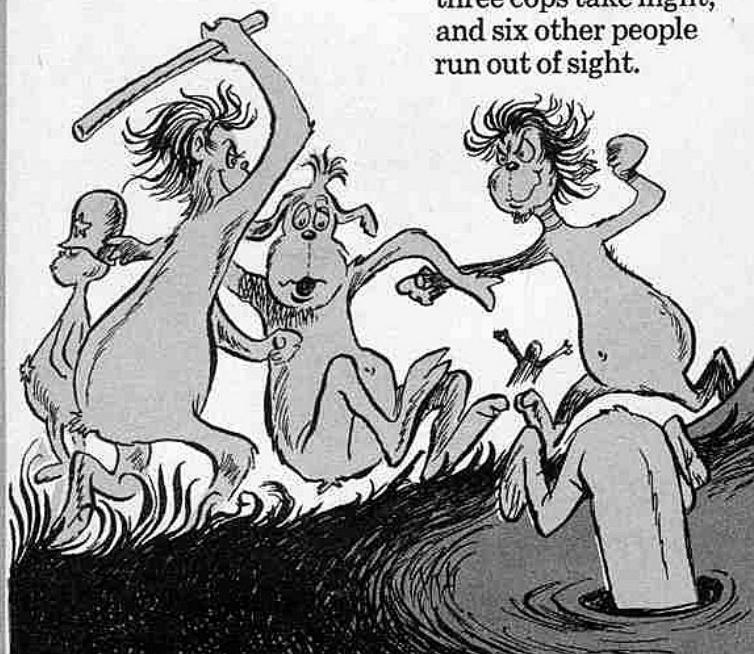
We met a man
whose name was Gene.
His Private Sec.
was a machine.
It typed for him
and answered phones,
and sat on his lap
and broke twelve bones.

"Let's wed," Gene said,
"You'll be my wife.
You're not too soft,
but, well—that's life."



They wed and Gene
came home quite late
(his shirt all smudged)
to an angry mate,
who saw his collar
and began to boil,
and left him, saying
"That's not MY oil!"

Hark! Hark!
There is Clark
in the park.
Clark's in the park
after dark,
and he's being mugged.
What an easy mark!



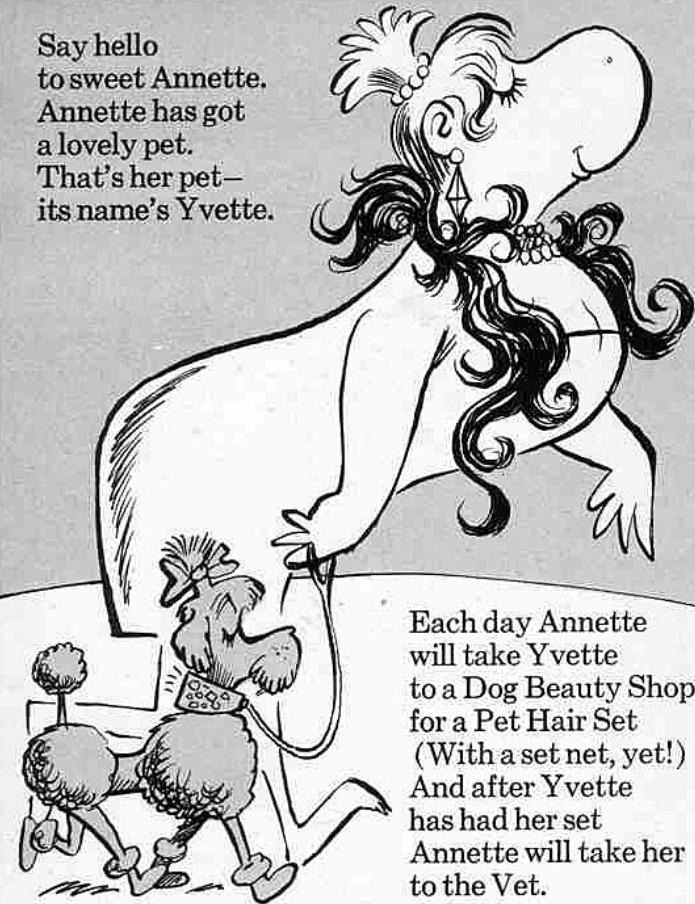
As Clark yells out,
three cops take flight,
and six other people
run out of sight.

But along comes a man,
whose name is Dunn,
who isn't the kind
to turn and run.
He pitches right in,
kicks Clark in the crotch,
and helps himself
to Clark's Benrus watch.



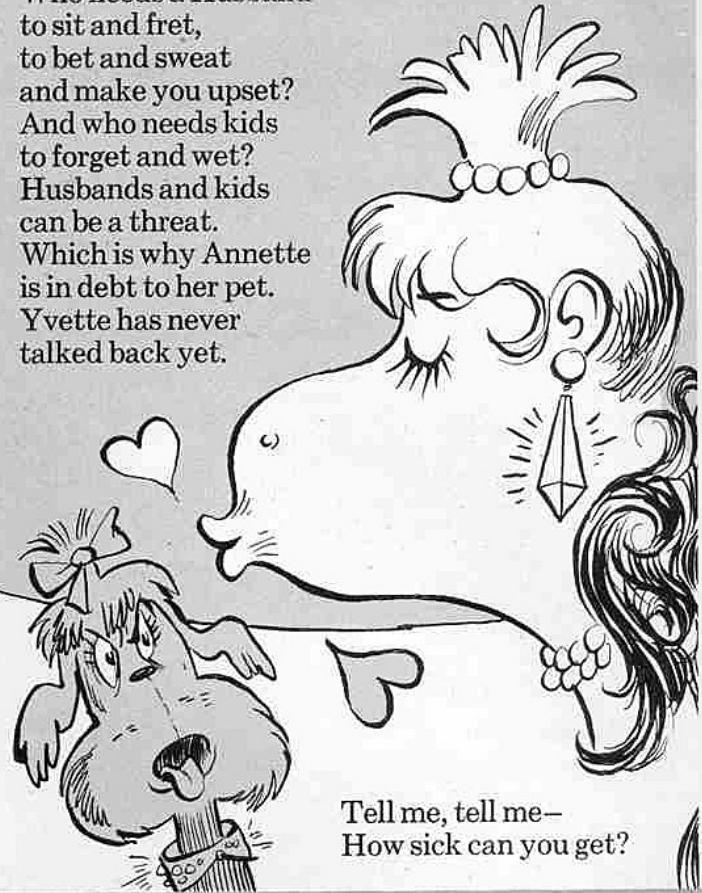
Said Clark before
his scene dissolved,
"It wasn't much,
but he got involved!"

Say hello
to sweet Annette.
Annette has got
a lovely pet.
That's her pet—
its name's Yvette.



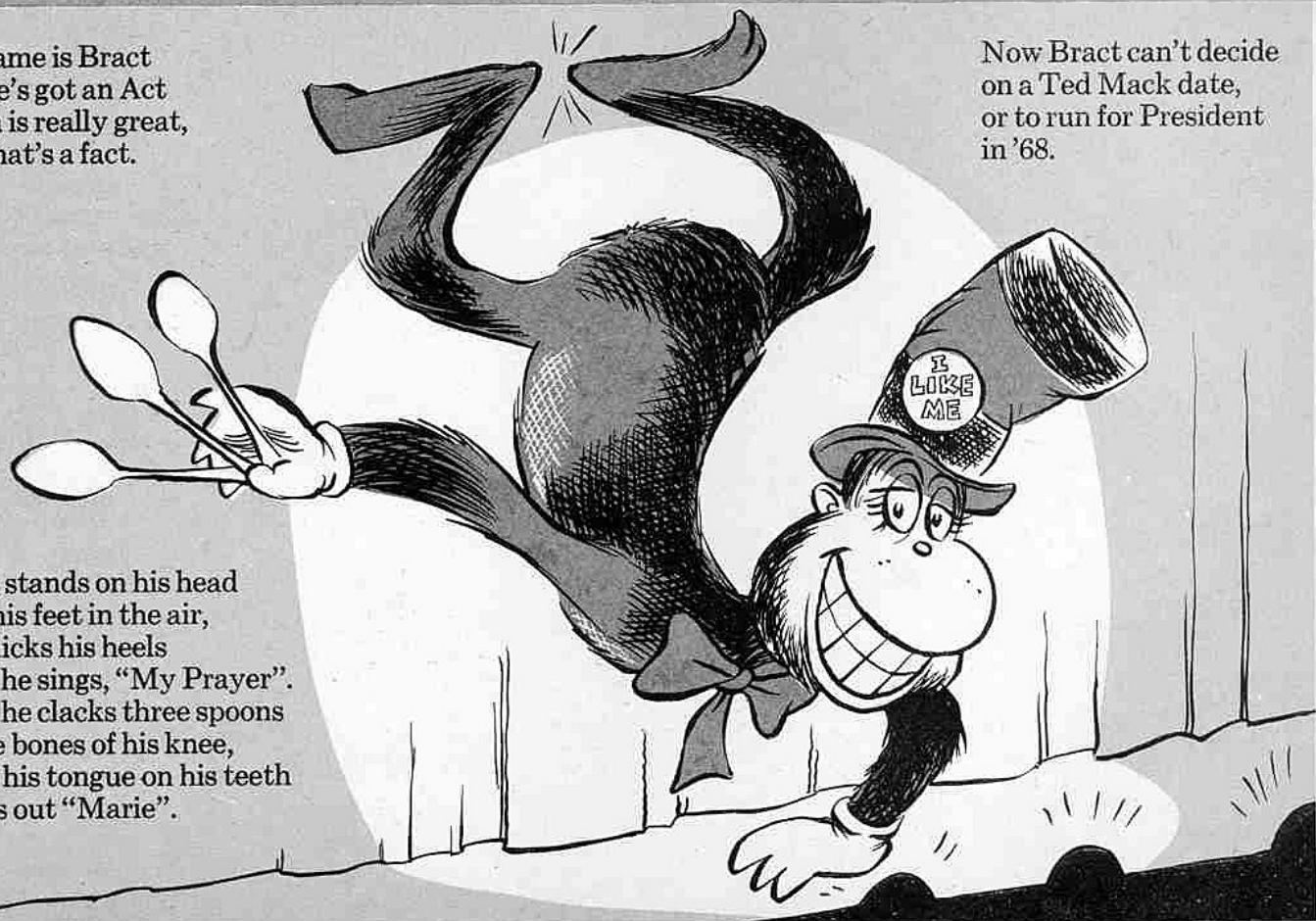
Each day Annette
will take Yvette
to a Dog Beauty Shop
for a Pet Hair Set
(With a set net, yet!)
And after Yvette
has had her set
Annette will take her
to the Vet.

Who needs a Husband
to sit and fret,
to bet and sweat
and make you upset?
And who needs kids
to forget and wet?
Husbands and kids
can be a threat.
Which is why Annette
is in debt to her pet.
Yvette has never
talked back yet.



Tell me, tell me—
How sick can you get?

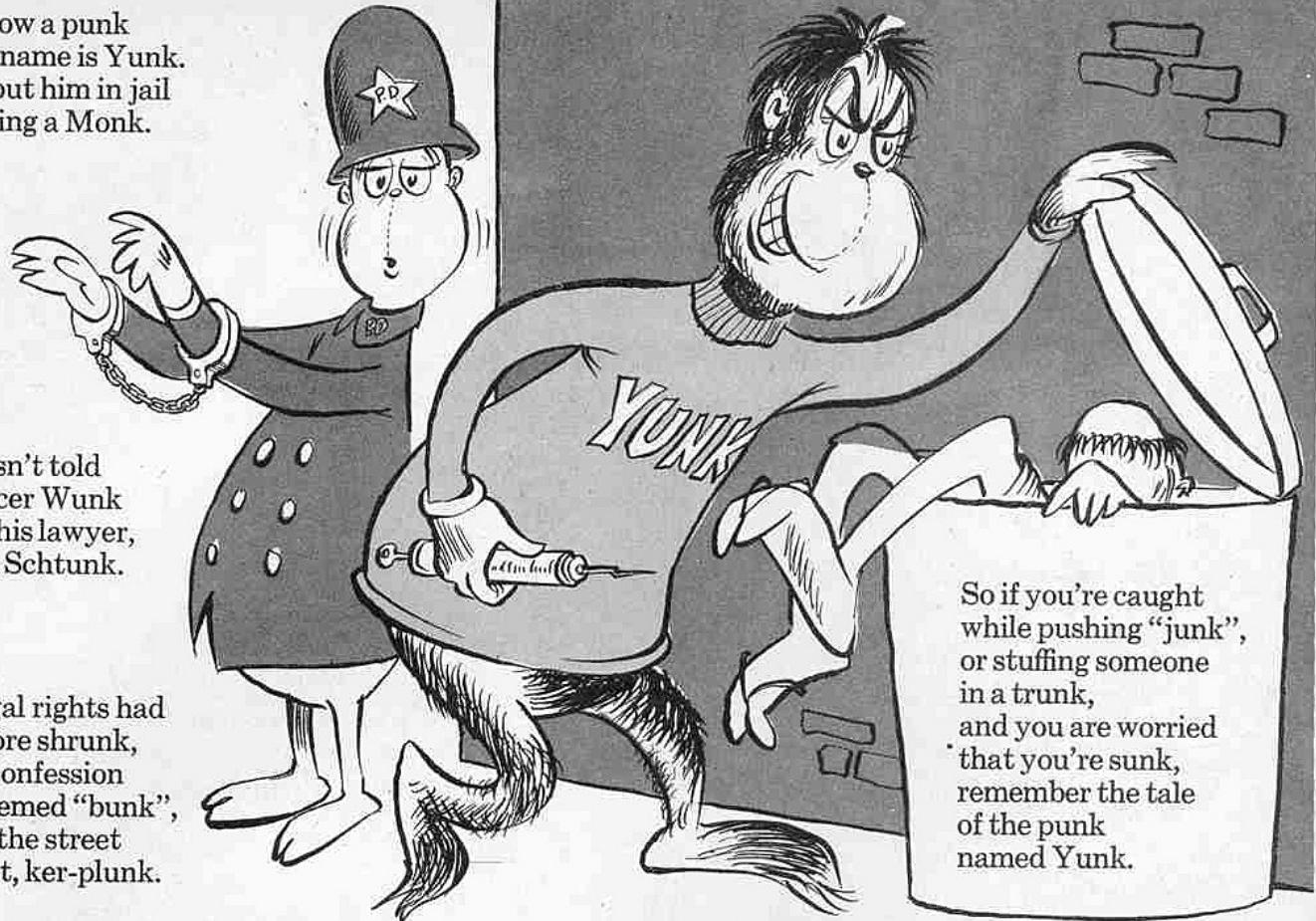
His name is Bract
and he's got an Act
which is really great,
and that's a fact.



Bract stands on his head
with his feet in the air,
and clicks his heels
while he sings, "My Prayer".
Then he clacks three spoons
on the bones of his knee,
while his tongue on his teeth
clucks out "Marie".

Now Bract can't decide
on a Ted Mack date,
or to run for President
in '68.

We know a punk
whose name is Yunk.
They put him in jail
for killing a Monk.

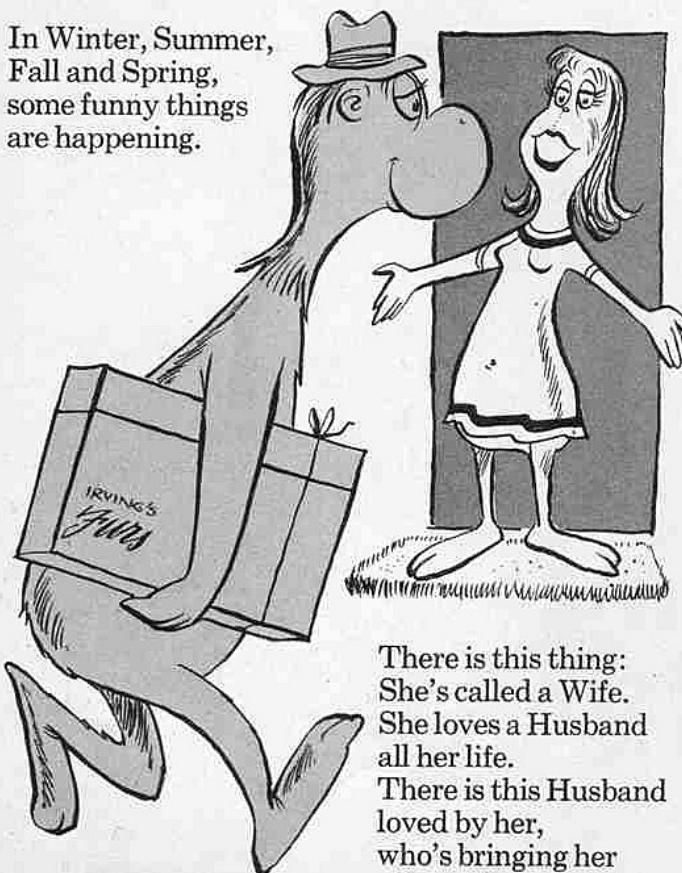


He wasn't told
by Officer Wunk
to call his lawyer,
Bernie Schtunk.

His legal rights had
therefore shrunk,
so his confession
was deemed "bunk",
and in the street
he went, ker-plunk.

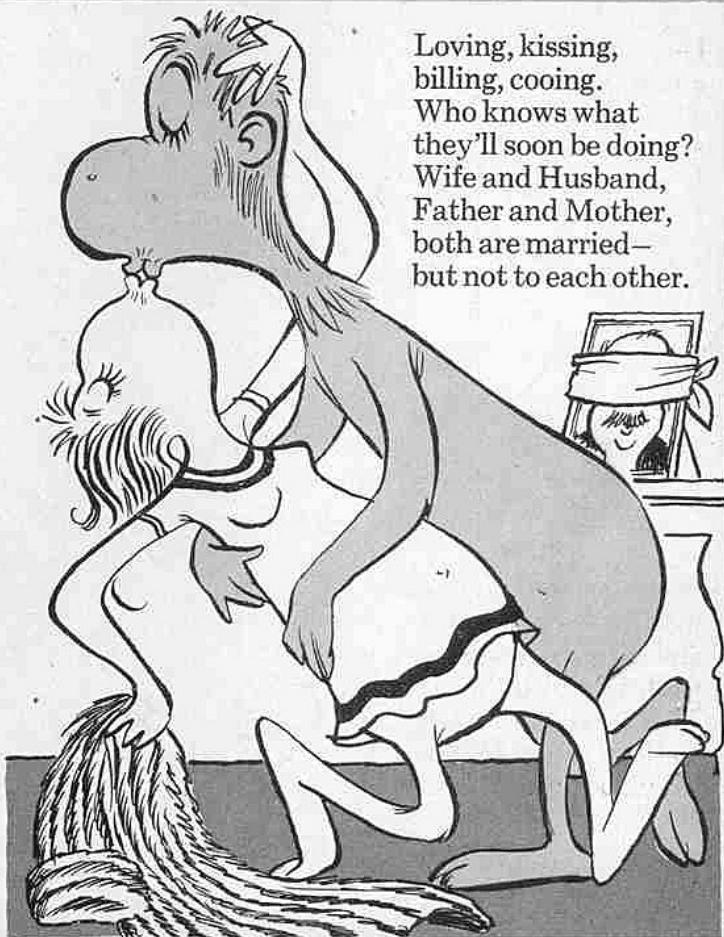
So if you're caught
while pushing "junk",
or stuffing someone
in a trunk,
and you are worried
that you're sunk,
remember the tale
of the punk
named Yunk.

In Winter, Summer,
Fall and Spring,
some funny things
are happening.



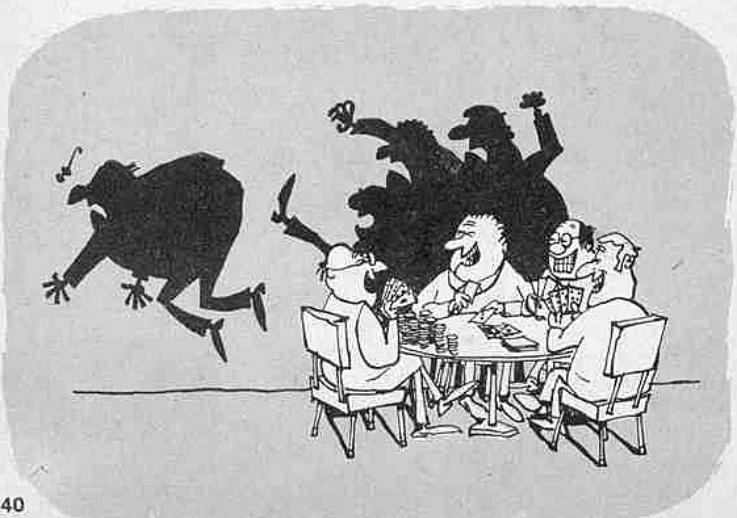
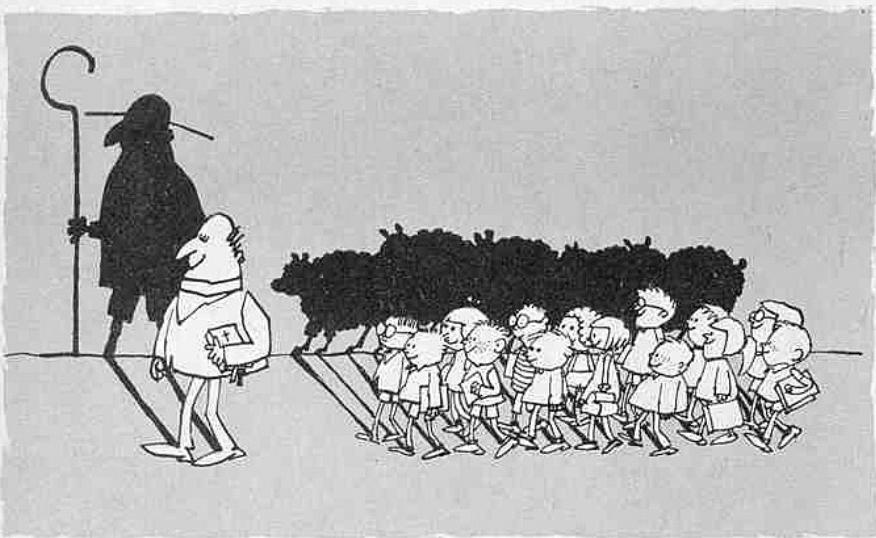
There is this thing:
She's called a Wife.
She loves a Husband
all her life.
There is this Husband
loved by her,
who's bringing her
a fancy fur.

Loving, kissing,
billing, cooing.
Who knows what
they'll soon be doing?
Wife and Husband,
Father and Mother,
both are married—
but not to each other.



WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

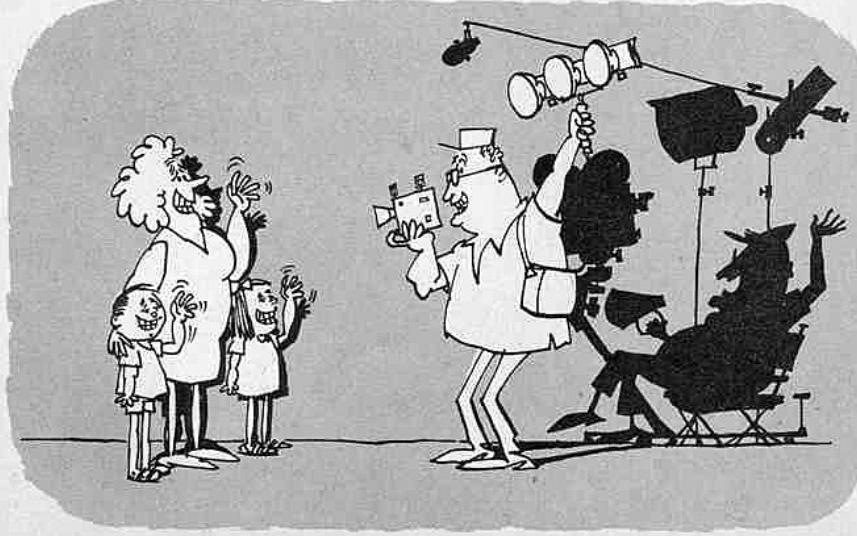
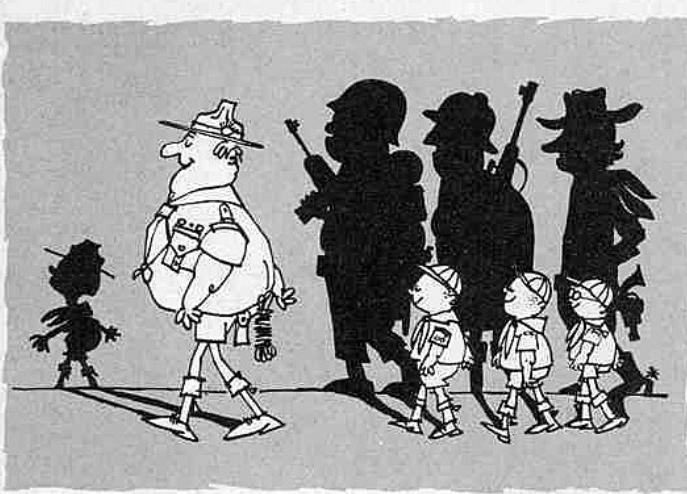
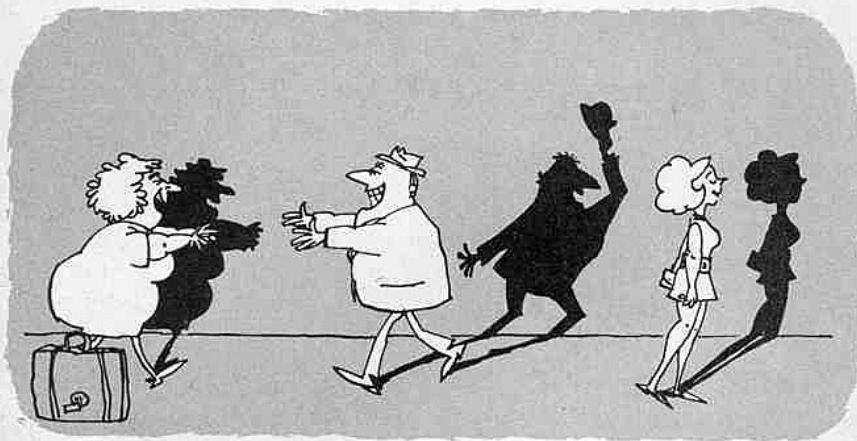
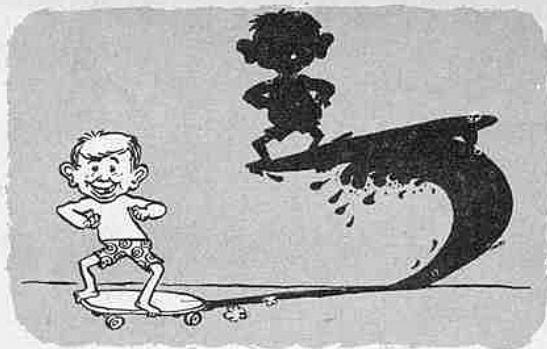
Who Knows What Evils Lurk In THE SHADOW



The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



Aragones

MAD'S "PATE SHOW"

CLICHÉ MOVIE SCRIPT

OF THE ISSUE

ARTIST: BRUCE STARK

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS



"I don't know what's gotten into Pamela lately. The girl seems to have lost all sense of propriety. Yesterday, I caught her dancing with the Chauffeur. Imagine that. Laureen! The Chauffeur!"

"If you must know, Mother, I'm fed up with this life you seem to think is so wonderful. I'm especially fed up with all these useless, empty people who think happiness can be bought with a bank account."

"Pamela, your mother and I have decided. We're shipping you off to Europe tomorrow. When you've had a few weeks in the sun at Monte Carlo, you'll come to your senses and forget all about this 'taxi-cab' person."

"Perhaps we've handled this thing all wrong, Laureen. I think it's a good idea to invite this young man to the ball. When she sees how out of place he is among all this, perhaps Pamela will forget that insane idea of hers about moving to Brooklyn."

"... and did you see those dreadful people he brought with him? I understand they're his parents! I can't imagine why George and Laureen would permit such a thing!"

"You needn't worry, Mrs. Smythe-Wellborne, I'll not contaminate your home with my bourgeois presence any longer. As for the check, my feelings for Pamela have no price tag. You couldn't buy them with ALL your millions! Well, how about it, Funny-Face? Are you coming with me?"

"I don't know, Joe. I need some time . . . to think . . ."

"Now, now, my little girl. Trust your wise old father just this once. I've lived many more years than you and I know. Someday, you'll be grateful that you made this decision. And as a special surprise for you, I've invited Freddy Van Cleef down for the week-end."

"There are more important things in life than polo, Freddy. But I don't expect you to understand that. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an important phone call to make--to a HUMAN BEING--with feelings and emotions. I only hope that he'll talk to me after all the hurt I've caused him."

"I was praying you'd say that, Pam. It may be rough going at first. You won't have furs and diamonds and servants. But I can promise you one thing: you'll always have my love. Think you can live on that, Honey?"

^{*} See also *Review of Economics and Statistics*, Vol. 52, No. 1, February 1970.

"You know, Laureen, now that I've gotten to know the lad, I find that I like him. He's got some of that old spark--that 'take it with your bare hands' attitude I once had. Maybe we can all learn a thing or two from him. Anyway, that's why I've decided that he's the man to take over my entire organization!"

THE END



JEEP THRILL DEPT.

Newton Minow once described Television as a "vast wasteland." And Noah Webster describes a Desert as a "vast wasteland." Put the two of them together — a TV Show about a Desert — and you've got the vastest wasteland of them all — mainly

RATPACKTROL

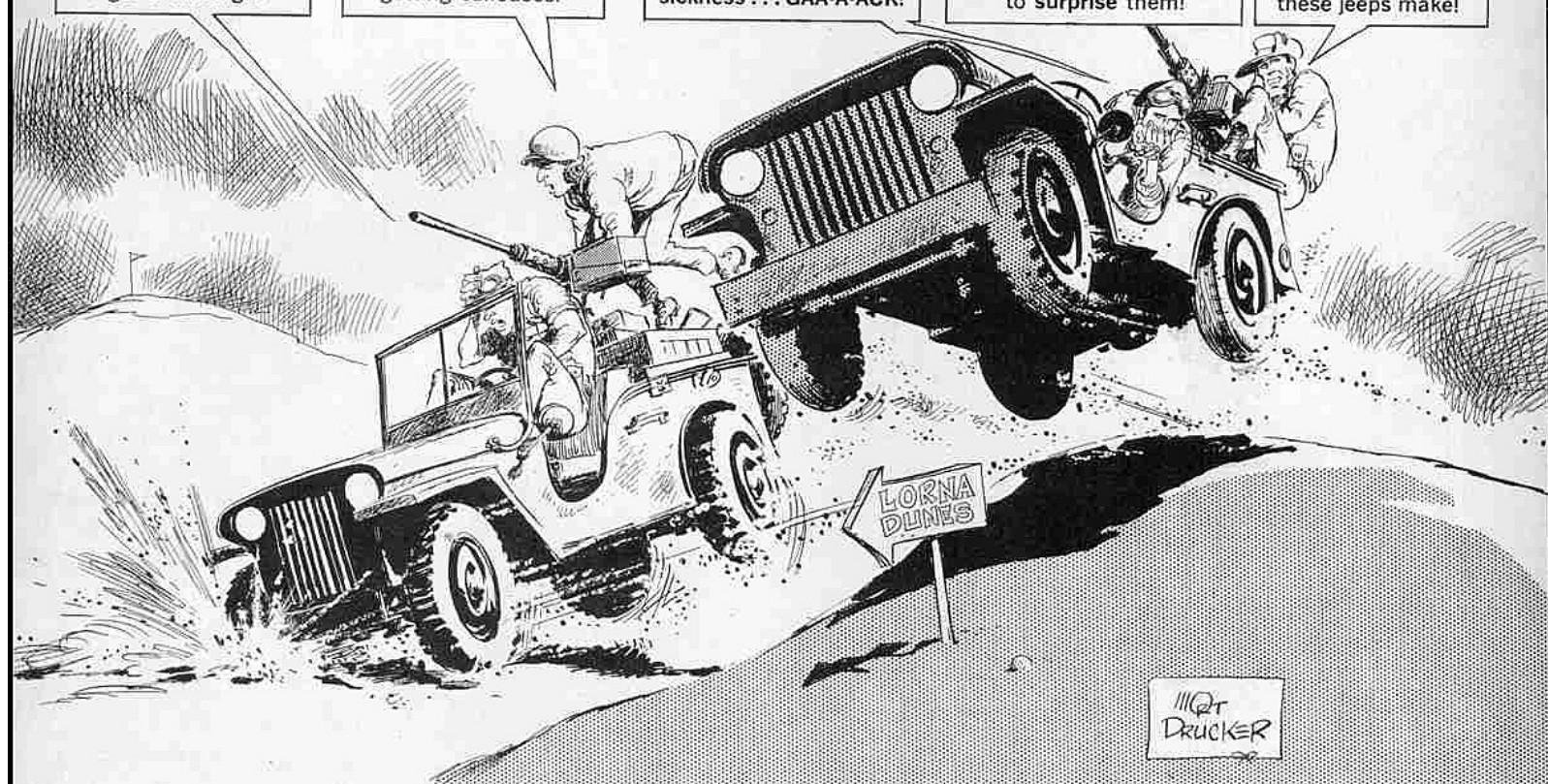
Hey, Sarge! How much more "Flight Time" do I have to put in before I get a furlough?

Gosh, I wish these jeeps had foam rubber seats! Even my callouses are getting callouses!

And to think . . . I didn't join the Navy because I was afraid I'd get motion sickness . . . GAA-A-ACK!

Cool it, guys! That German Truck Convoy is just over these dunes—and we want to surprise them!

Which is a neat trick, considering the amount of noise these jeeps make!



MORT DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I'm vurried, Lieutenant! Ve haf been traveling for 15 minutes already und still no sign of dot furshugginer Ratpacktrol!

You can stop vurrying, Captain! They just blew up our ammunition truck! Vich leads me to zis question—Vy do ve always travel the same way, ven ve know der Ratpacktrol is waiting for us?

Because ve are Chermans, und ve travel vere ve vant to! Ve von't be pushed around by a handful of Allied soldiers! If today, they don't let us travel in the desert, tomorrow it's der world!

So long, Captain! Thanks for the fun!

We'll meet again, Sergeant!

Captain, der Ratpacktrol iss destroying our men's morale—not to mention our trucks und equipment!



Our troubles are over, Lieutenant! I have sent to Berlin for some new equipment which I believe will be the solution to our morale problem—

—and here she is now ...

Hello, boys! My name is Corporal Buzz Bomb!

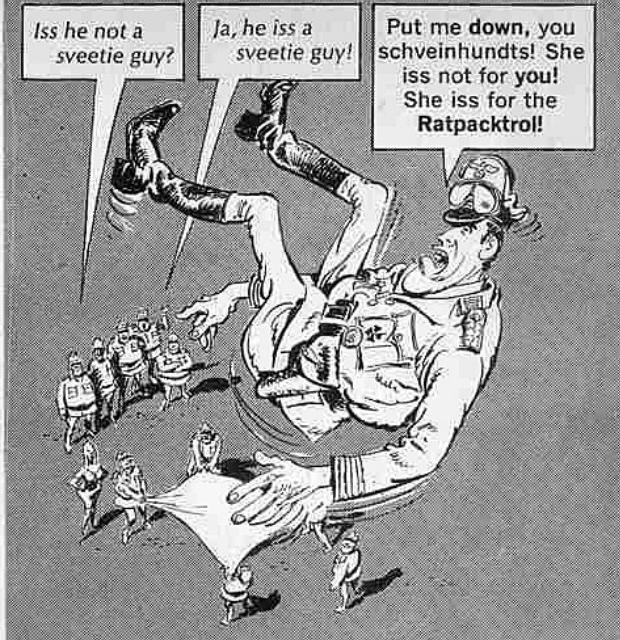
Jawohl, mein Captain! You think of everything!

Let's hear it for our wonderful Captain!

Is she not a sweetie guy?

Ja, he is a sweetie guy!

Put me down, you schweinhundts! She is not for you! She is for the Ratpacktro!

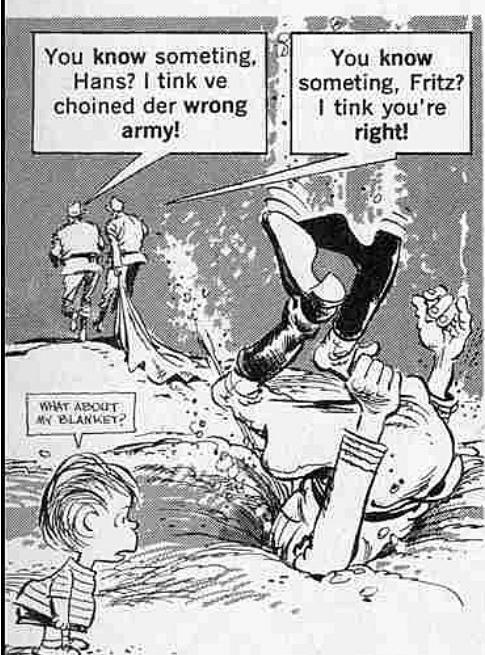


You know something, Hans? I think we're chained to the wrong army!

You know something, Fritz? I think you're right!

Corporal Bomb will lead the Ratpacktro right to this spot, from which there is no escape! And then, we will destroy them!

Zose lucky guys! Vot a vay to go!



Hey, Sarge! Isn't it amazing how close we can come to the German camp every week without ever being detected?

Yeah, but there's something funny going on this week! There seems to be only one soldier down there—a weirdly-built Corporal! Let's have your binoculars a minute, Hooch!



I think I've been on the desert too long! Either I'm seeing a mirage—or there's a girl down there!

Maybe it's Florence of Arabia!

Hey! Let me see!

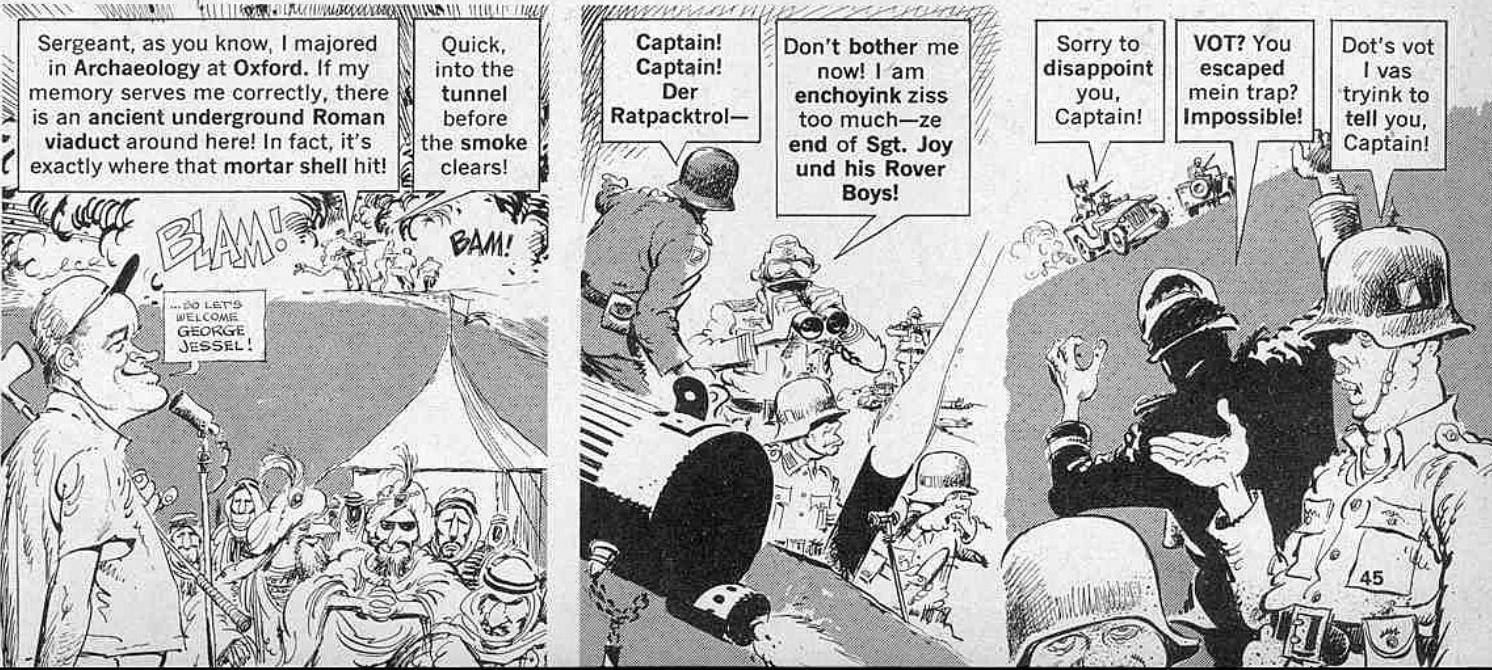
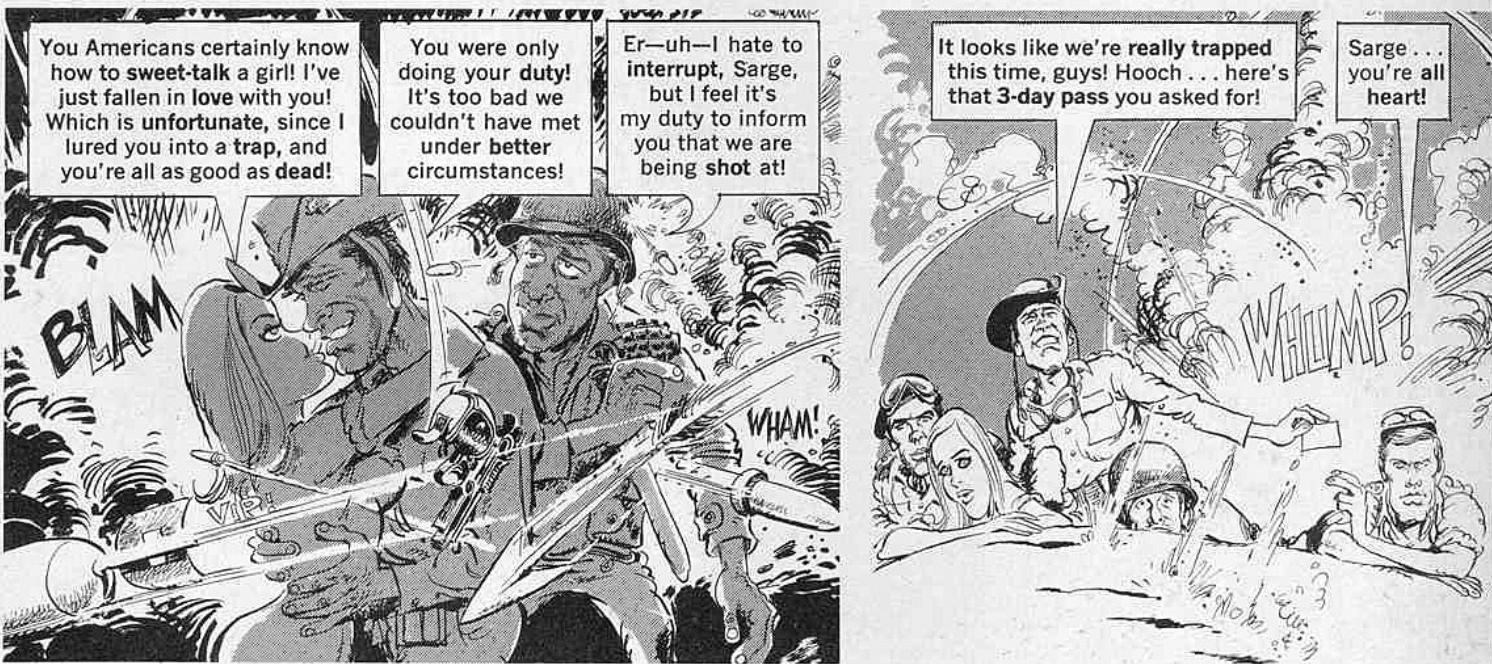
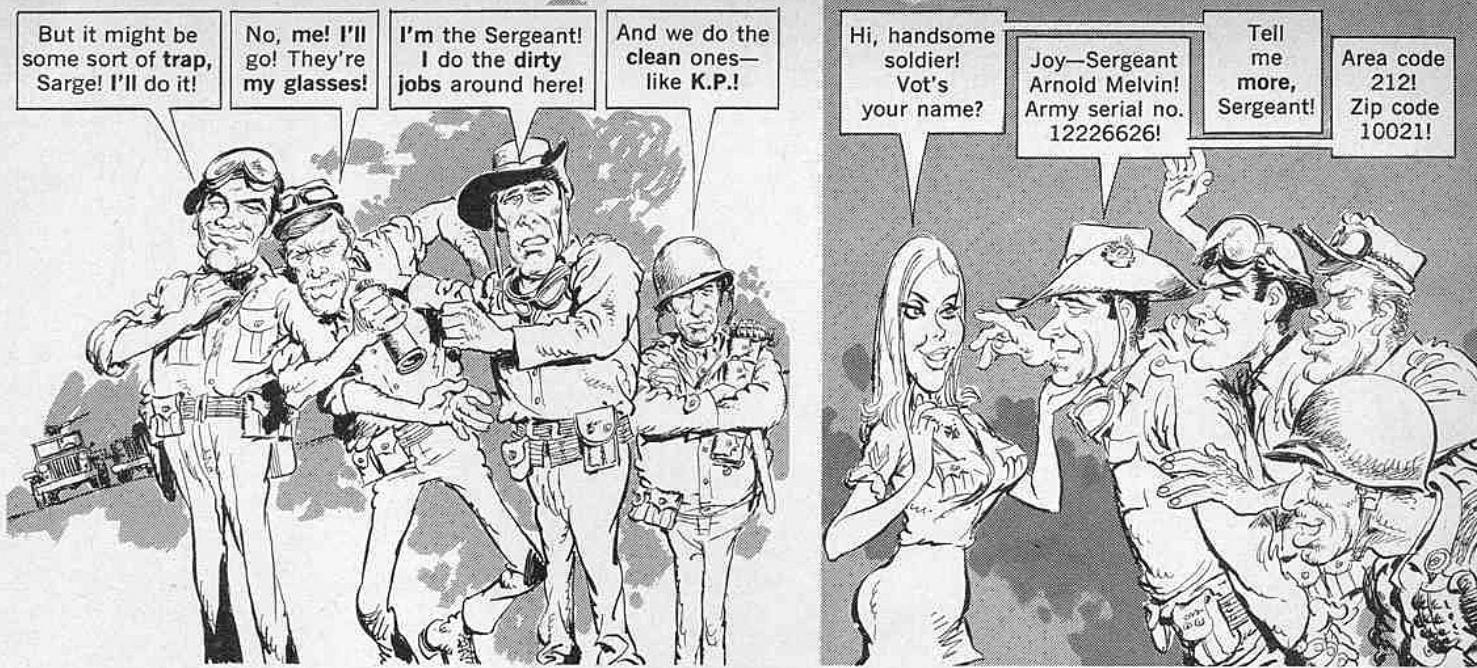
Me first! They're my glasses!



It IS a girl! I can tell! I saw a picture of one a few years back!

That's what I thought! I'd better go and investigate!





Vell, next time you've got sometink to tell me, TELL ME! Now don't just stand zere! SHOOT AT ZEM!!!

Ve got vun, Captain!

Vas it der Sergeant?

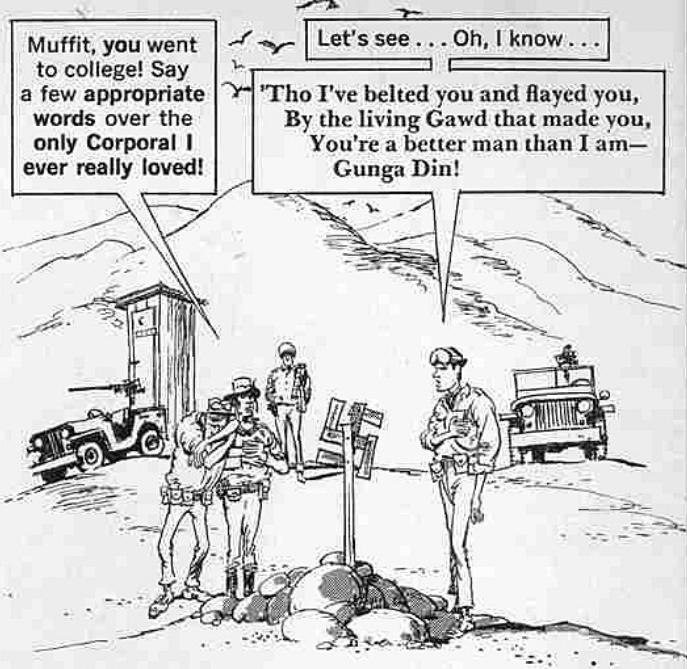
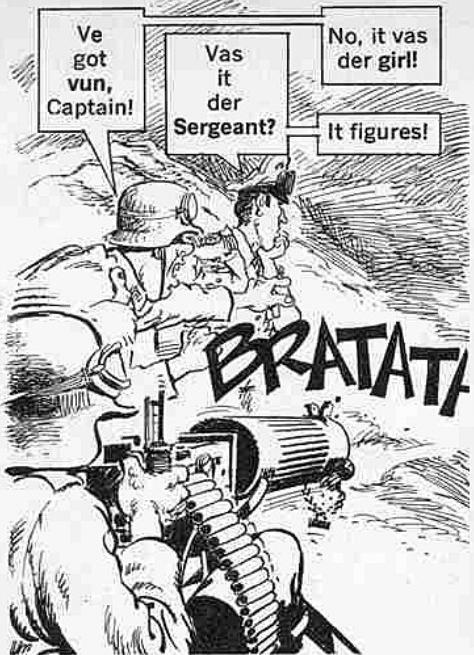
No, it vas der girl!

It figures!

Muffit, you went to college! Say a few appropriate words over the only Corporal I ever really loved!

Let's see... Oh, I know...

'Tho I've belted you and flayed you, By the living Gawd that made you, You're a better man than I am— Gunga Din!



Sarge, it's getting dark!

Yeah, Sarge! It's about time for our nightly surprise raid on the German camp!

Except that tonight, we're really going to surprise them! We're NOT going to have a surprise attack!

Smashing strategy, Sergeant! General Monty would be proud of you!

Captain, it's gettink dark! Almost time for ze Ratpacktrol's nightly surprise attack!

Except zat tonight, ve are goink to surprise ZEM! Tonight, ve are goink to be ready ven zey come!

Brilliant maneuver, Captain! Ze Fuehrer would be proud of you!



Vehicle approaching, Herr Captain! It iss a Cherman Staff Car!

Zose idiots think zey can fool me vit such an obvious disguise! FIRE!



Bad news, Captain!

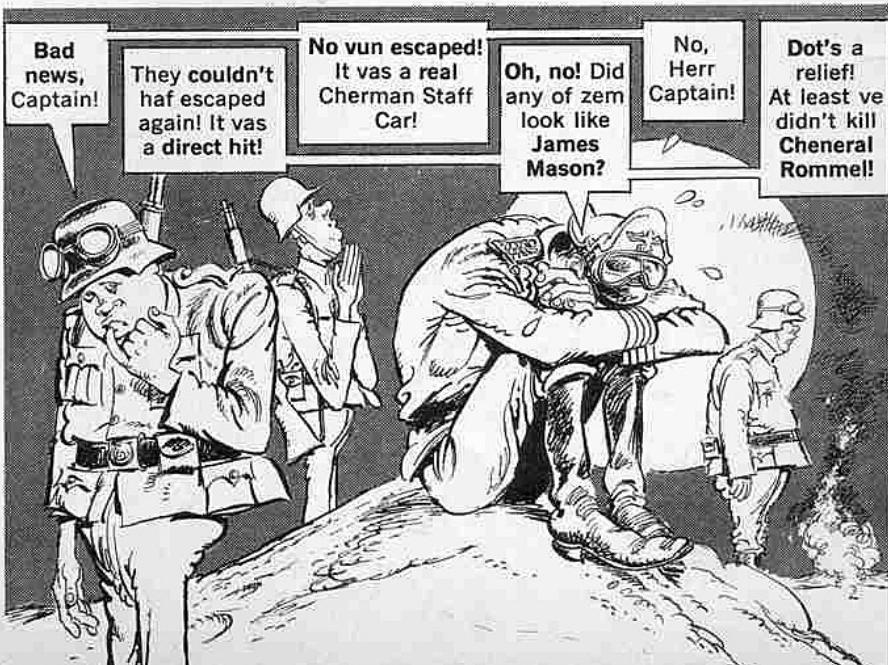
They couldn't haf escaped again! It was a direct hit!

No vun escaped! It was a real Cherman Staff Car!

Oh, no! Did any of zem look like James Mason?

No, Herr Captain!

Dot's a relief! At least ve didn't kill Cheneral Rommel!



I say, chaps! Today is Captain Marlene's birthday! It says so right here in this record book I stole from their camp on last night's raid!

I'll bet they give him a party with booze and broads and everything! Man, how I'd love to be there!

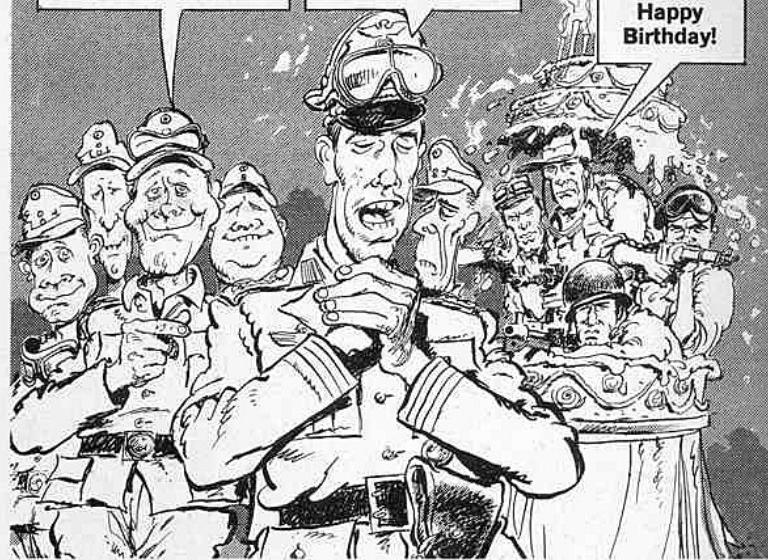
Maybe you will! It would be a perfect time for a surprise raid! And after all, we gotta give him something for his birthday!



Vait, Captain! Before you blow out der candles, make a vish!

I vish I could get mein hands on der Ratpacktroll!

Your wish came true, Captain! Happy Birthday!



All right! Everybody clasp your hands over your heads and start marching! We're taking a little trip!

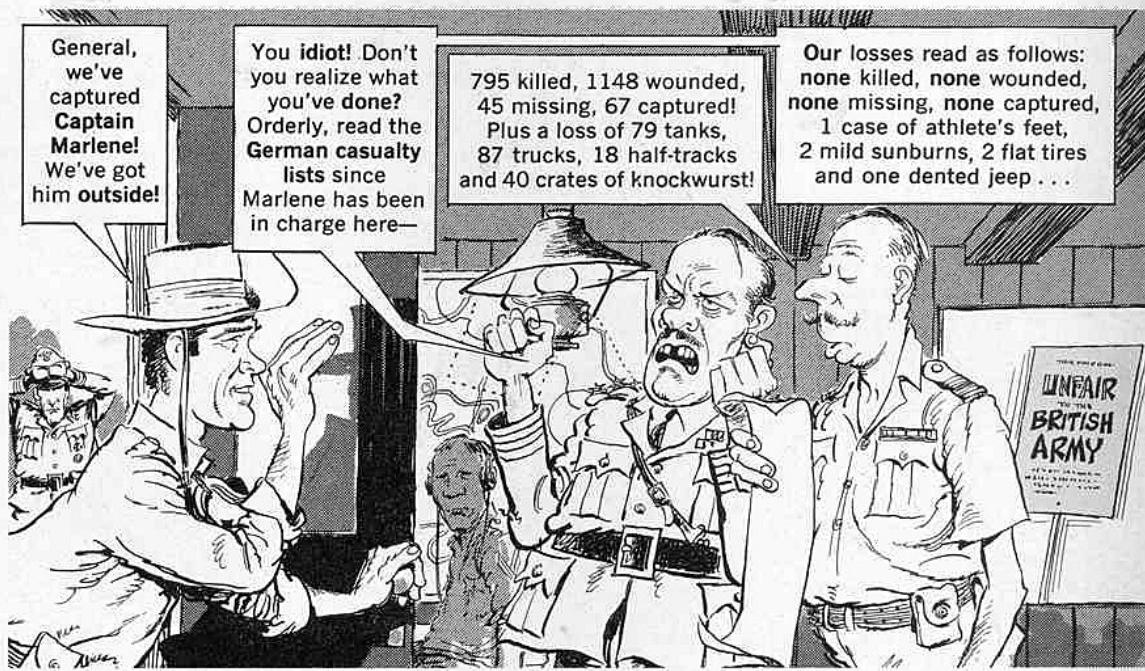
Party-poopers!

General, we've captured Captain Marlene! We've got him outside!

You idiot! Don't you realize what you've done? Orderly, read the German casualty lists since Marlene has been in charge here—

795 killed, 1148 wounded, 45 missing, 67 captured! Plus a loss of 79 tanks, 87 trucks, 18 half-tracks and 40 crates of knockwurst!

Our losses read as follows: none killed, none wounded, none missing, none captured, 1 case of athlete's feet, 2 mild sunburns, 2 flat tires and one dented jeep . . .



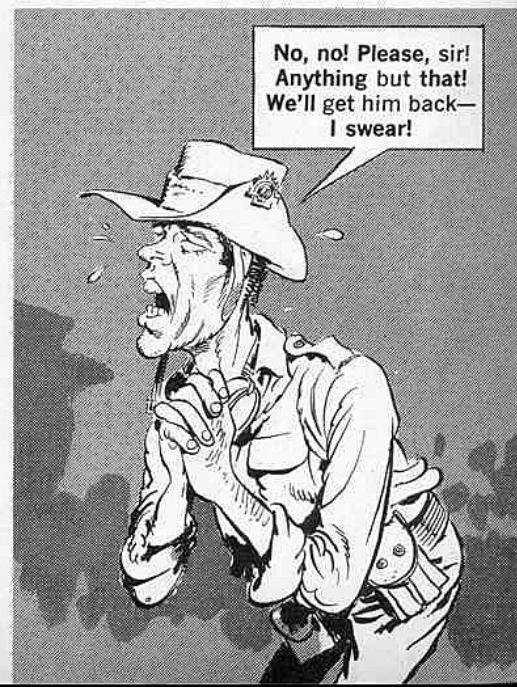
It's because of Marlene's incompetence that we're winning this desert war with just a handful of men! Now get him back to the German lines at once!

But what if they won't take him back!

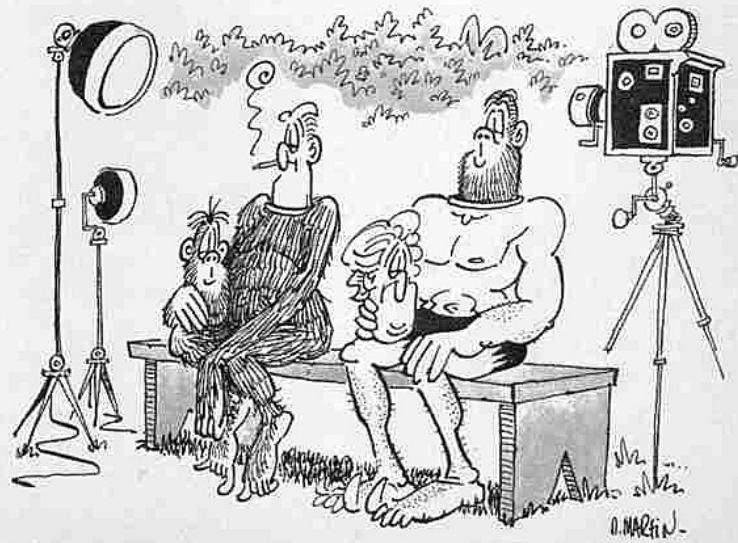
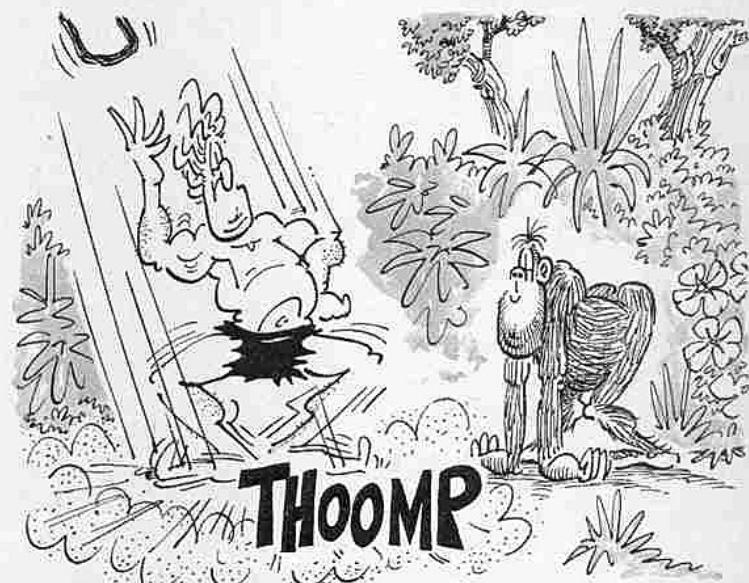
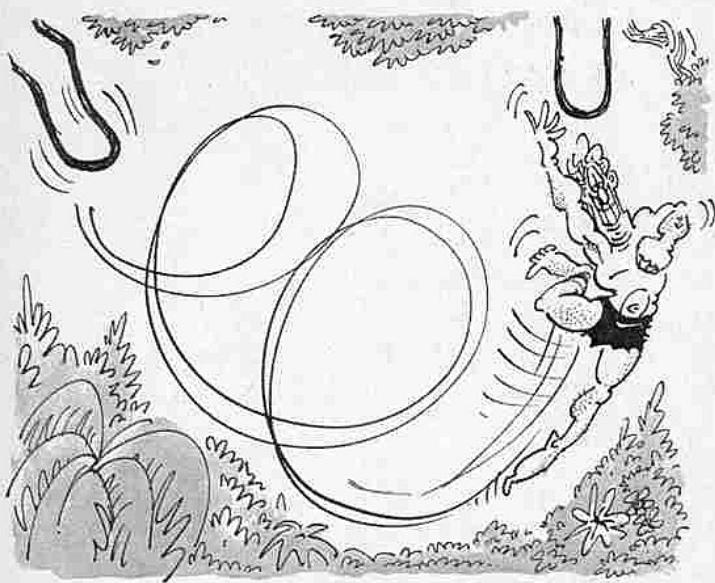
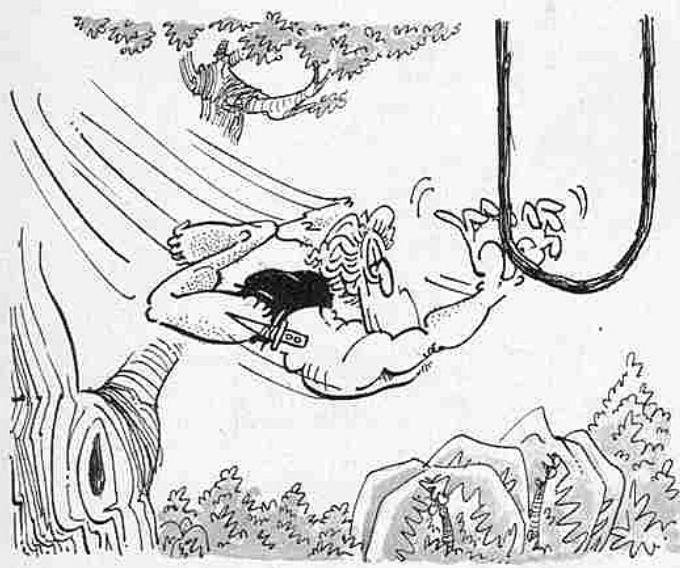
If that happens, PRIVATE Joy, I'll make it so rough on you, you'll wish you never were born! First, I'll assign you more men to make the impossible odds against a full German regiment more balanced! Then I'll send you more equipment, more supplies, more ammo . . .



THIS TV PROGRAM IS
UNFAIR
TO THE
BRITISH ARMY
by giving the impression
that Americans won the
battle of North Africa
all by themselves



ON THE "TARZAN" SET



**WHAT IS
THE ONLY
WAY TO
BEAUTIFY
AMERICA?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

We are all aware of the current drive to beautify America. After looking at what has happened in the last several hundred years, we've come to the conclusion that there's only one way to do the job right! Fold page in as shown—and find out how!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

WELCOME TO YECVILLE

Jaffee

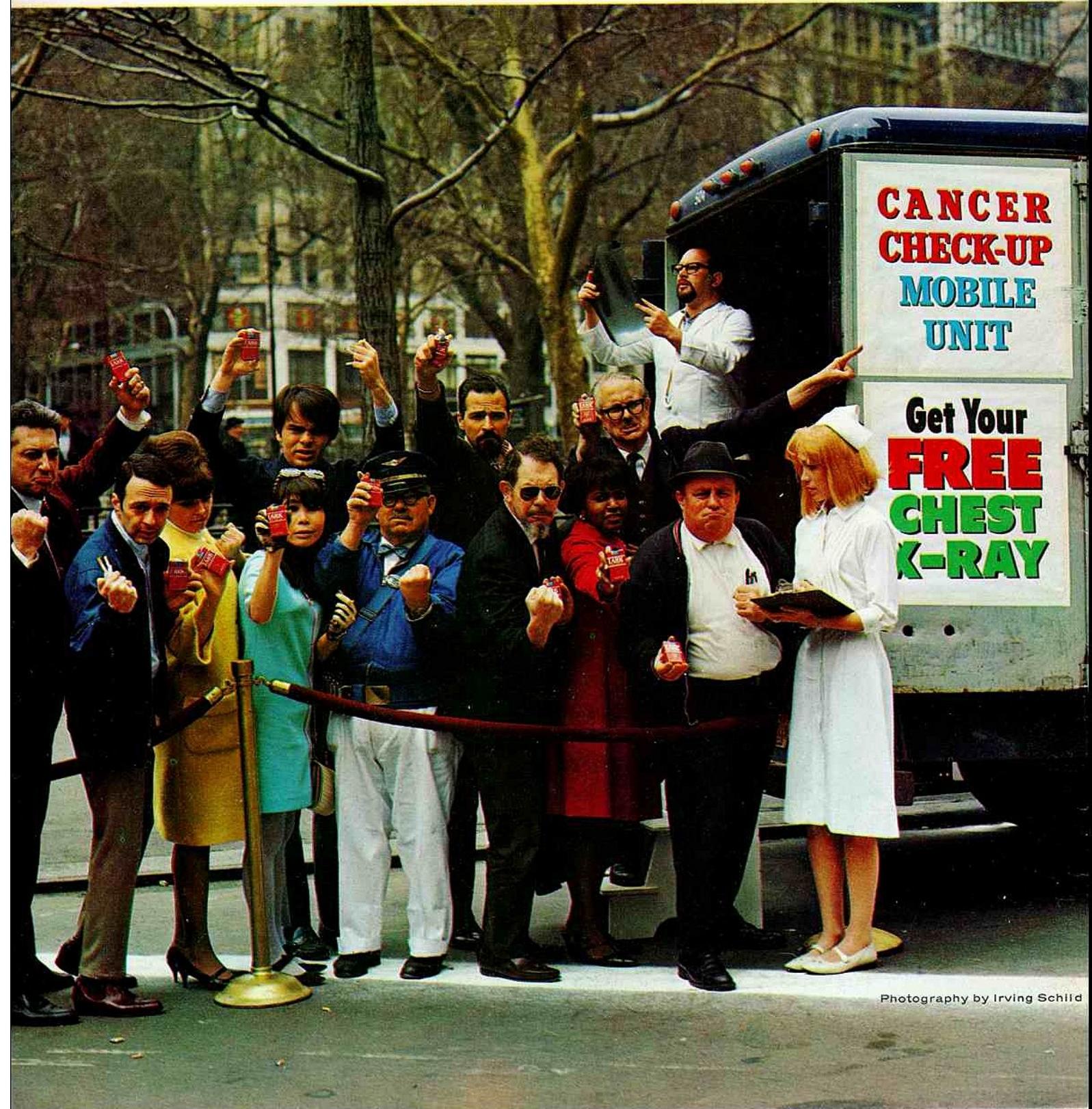
GIGANTIC DRIVES AGAINST BLIGHT ARE SOREL NEEDED TO HAVE IT BANISHED FROM OUR LAND. EVERY PERSON MUST JOIN THE ATTACK TO ELIMINATE THIS TERRIBLE PROBLEM. WE'VE GOT TO AROUSE THE INDIFFERENT OFFICIALS WHO ALLOW TOWNS TO BECOME GARBAGE CANS

A

B

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THE "SHOW US YOUR 'LARK' PACK" CAMERA CREW
PASSED THE WRONG GROUP OF SMOKERS



Photography by Irving Schild